psala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

Saturday Review

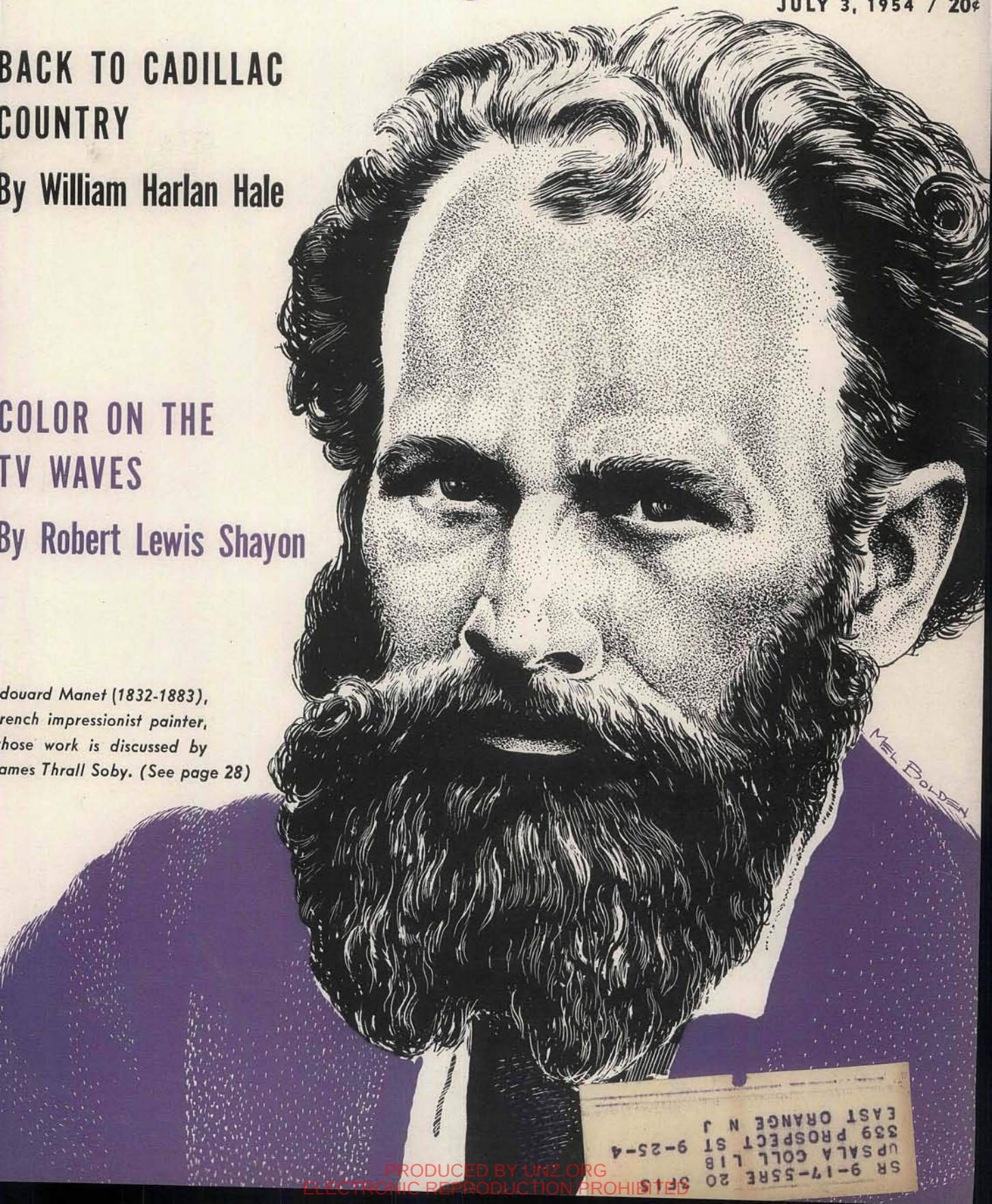
JULY 3, 1954 / 20¢

BACK TO CADILLAC COUNTRY

By William Harlan Hale

COLOR ON THE TV WAVES

By Robert Lewis Shayon



douard Manet (1832-1883), rench impressionist painter, hose work is discussed by ames Thrall Soby. *(See page 28)*

SR 9-17-55RE 20 SATS
UPSALA COLL LIB
339 PROSPECT ST 9-25-4
EAST ORANGE N J

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first flight

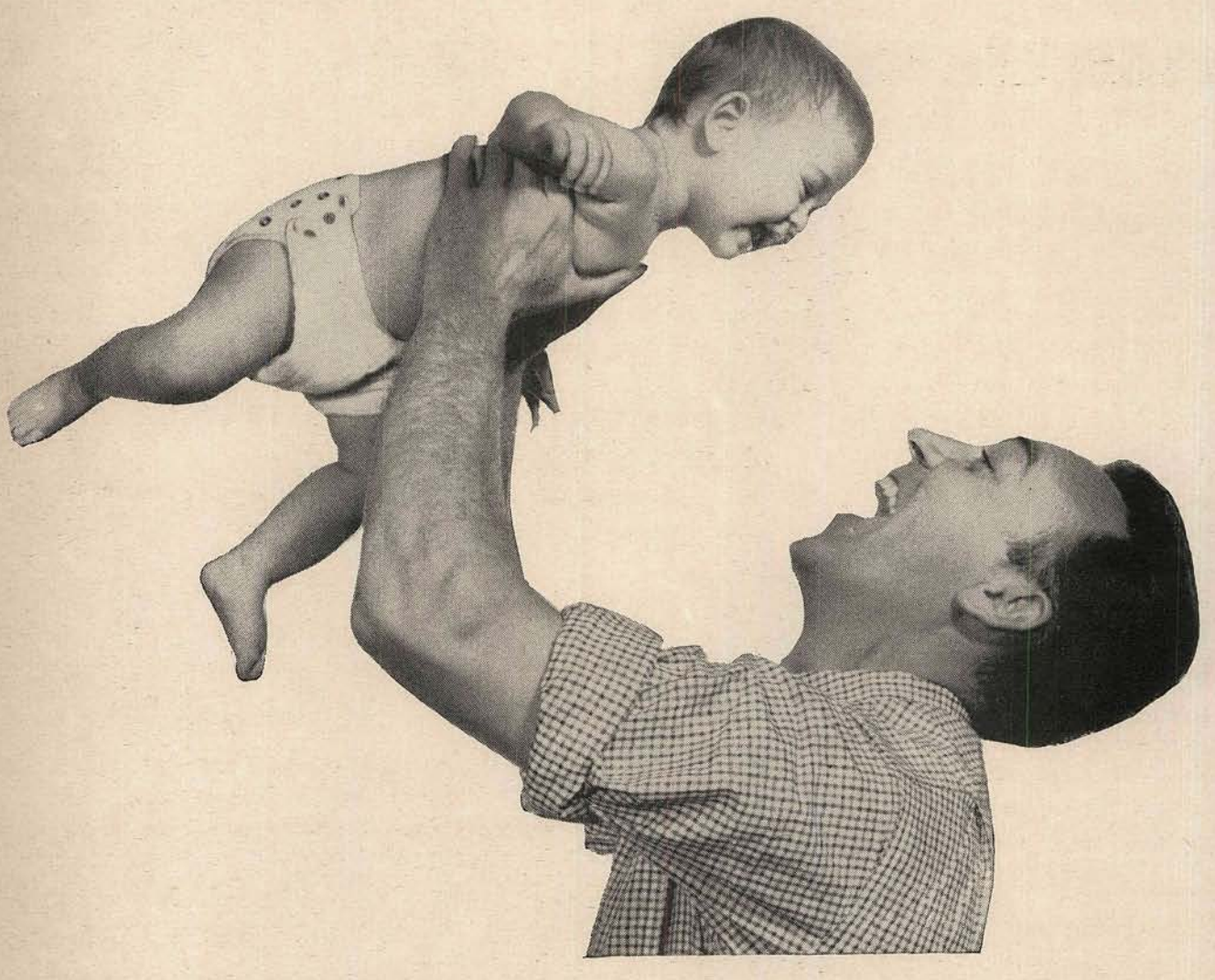
Without trust in Daddy's strong arms, fear would blot out the fun of first flight. But because Daddy's smiling, loving face is below, life adds a thrilling new dimension, founded in love and trust.

All our adventures begin in and come home to the security we cannot do without.

To give and to get security is the main business of living. It is a privilege and a responsibility. It provides us life's finest rewards.

Have you ever thought that this security is possible only in a democracy? And that this is the source of America's greatest strength? For we continue to grow stronger as a nation when more and more secure homes are bulwarked together.

The security of your country depends on *your* security.



Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30.

United States Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

The U.S. Government does not pay for this advertisement. It is donated by this publication in cooperation with the Advertising Council and the Magazine Publishers of America.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR's Library Poll

WHAT scorn would President Jackson, Petroleum V. Nasby, or Mark Twain heap on the fog of indecision, suspicion, apathy, and sourness in which the modern American confronts his national problems? Oh, for Bill Nye on Cohn-Schine! Yet *SR* is pleased to note that enough people relish the tart, straightout tradition of American comment to push Elmer Davis's superb volume of political essays, "But We Were Born Free," right to the top of this week's list.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)*
2. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)**
3. **The Dollmaker**
   by Harriette Arnow (F)
4. **The Mind Alive**
   by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
5. **Minutes of the Last Meeting**
   by Gene Fowler (G)
6. **Bless This House**
   by Norah Lofts (F)
7. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **I Led Three Lives**
   by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
9. **Never Victorious, Never Defeated**
   by Taylor Caldwell (F)
10. **Seven Years in Tibet**
    by Heinrich Harrer (G)
11. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free**
    by Emily Kimbrough (G)
12. **From Here to Eternity**
    by James Jones (F)
13. **Away All Boats**
    by Kenneth Dodson (F)
14. **Sayonara**
    by James A. Michener (F)
15. **The Journey**
    by Lillian Smith (G)
16. **The Bad Seed**
    by William March (F)
17. **A Time to Love and a Time to Die**
    by Erich Maria Remarque (F)
18. **Flying Saucers Have Landed**
    by Desmond Leslie (G)
19. **Life Is Worth Living**
    by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
20. **The Spider King**
    by Lawrence Schoonover (F)

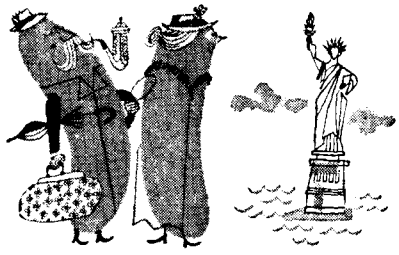
PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Louisville (Ky.), Miami (Fla.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Washington (D.C.).

* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

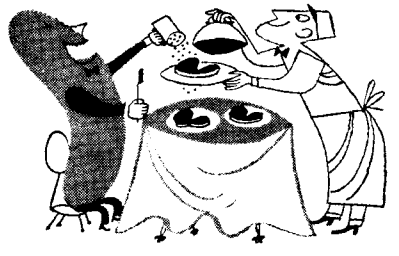
How the Wiener won its way!

or the summarized story of the friendly frank

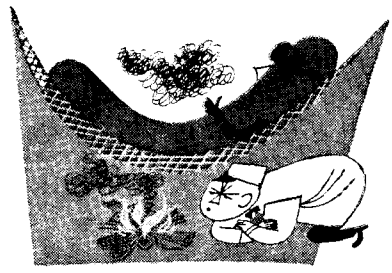


1. The first frankfurter emigrated to this country from the old German city of Frankfurt am Main. On the boat he met Fräulein Wiener from the city of Wien (Vienna).

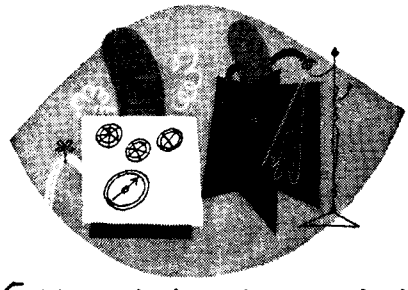
2. Today the descendants of these sturdy sausage pioneers—6½ *billion* a year—are typically American in every way. They go to ball games, picnics, barbecues.



3. In the meat packer's sausage kitchens where they are born, modern franks are stuffed with selected lean beef, and some have pork, too, delicately blended with just the right amount of spices.



4. Franks get their ruddy tan from hanging around a smokehouse. The smoke, which is apt to be from hickory or applewood fires, is carefully measured and actually filtered.



5. After an invigorating steam bath (franks always come to you ready-cooked), some shed their skins. Others are remarkably thin-skinned. Some like 'em with, some without.

6. They graduate with the highest degree in nutrition. For protein, B vitamins and digestibility, franks are in the same class with that noblest of cuts, the steak.

7. If all the franks Americans eat this year were laid end to end they would reach to the moon and back with enough left over to encircle the world 5 times. Most folks, however, prefer just to lay them in a bun.

Moral: Only 4 kinds of meat animals are grown on American farms. But American appetites call not just for meat, but meat in dozens of different processed forms. There are more than 100 kinds of sausage products alone. That's why a meat packer is also a chef—with more specialties than you'll find in a cookbook.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McCARTHY AND HIS ENEMIES

by William F. Buckley, Jr.
and L. Brent Bozell

We've had a chance to add up the score on our newest best-seller, and the critics have come out 2 to 1 in favor of McCARTHY AND HIS ENEMIES. Here's a random sample of their comments and reactions:

Raymond Moley
"Bears the marks of sincerity, laborious research, and unusually calm and cogent presentation."

Christian Science Monitor
"The most persuasive and thoughtful defense yet."

St. Louis Post Dispatch
"A couple of gullible and easily misled boys."

Cleveland Plain Dealer
"Valuable in that it starkly clarifies some important issues."

Houston Chronicle
"Clear in their thinking, logical in their analysis and objective in their examination."

Atlantic—Elmer Davis
"They have tried to be fair; opinions will differ as to how well they succeeded, but they did try."

Reporter
"It is all, to be sure, strictly for the birds."

Rev. James M. Gillis
"It will be welcomed by all who are interested in separating sense from nonsense and truth from calumny."

Cleveland News
"A provocative book which attempts to introduce a breath of reason into the argument."

New York Morning Telegraph
"They are too darned young to be writing books."

Human Events
"By all counts a remarkable book... the method of procedure makes it sound as though it had been written by John Stuart Mill."

Freeman
"All-round excellence... the result is an elevation of the whole controversy."

Milwaukee Journal
"A certain amount of comic relief."

New York Daily News
"The best, quietest and most thoroughly documented."

Read—and judge for yourself

McCARTHY AND HIS ENEMIES
by William F. Buckley, Jr.
and L. Brent Bozell
$5.00 at bookstores everywhere

Henry Regnery
CHICAGO

The Saturday Review

JULY 3, 1954

Cover Drawing by Mel Bolden (from a photograph supplied by Bettmann Archive)

SR/IDEAS

7 BACK TO CADILLAC COUNTRY, by William Harlan Hale
9 INNER AND OUTER BOSTONIANS, by M. A. DeWolfe Howe
22 SIX EASY WAYS OF LOSING TO COMMUNISM: AN EDITORIAL

SR/BOOKS

10 ELIHU ROOT AND THE CONSERVATIVE TRADITION
by Richard W. Leopold
Reviewed by Dexter Perkins

11 ELISHA KENT KANE AND THE SEAFARING FRONTIER,
by Jeanette Mirsky
Reviewed by Raymond Holden

11 WILLIAM H. WELCH AND THE RISE OF MODERN MEDICINE,
by Donald Fleming
Reviewed by Russell S. Bowles, M.D.

13 JAGUAR AND THE GOLDEN STAG, by Dexter Allen
Reviewed by Thomas Caldecot Chubb

14 THE CONQUEST OF DON PEDRO, by Harvey Fergusson
Reviewed by Lon Tinkle

15 UNDER THE NET, by Iris Murdoch
Reviewed by Harvey Curtis Webster

15 A WREATH FOR THE ENEMY, by Pamela Frankau
Reviewed by Pamela Taylor

16 MUSIC IN THE RENAISSANCE, by Gustave Reese
Reviewed by Philip L. Miller

17 THE CLARINET, by F. Geoffrey Rendall
Reviewed by Reginald Kell

18 UNDER MILK WOOD, by Dylan Thomas
Reviewed by I. L. Salomon

19 POEMS OF THE HUNDRED NAMES, translated by Henry H. Hart
Reviewed by Gerard Previn Meyer

20 MOSLEMS ON THE MARCH, by F. W. Fernau
Reviewed by Richard N. Frye

21 WHAT PRICE ISRAEL, by Alfred Lilienthal
Reviewed by Erwin D. Canham

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf
8 LITERARY I.Q.
23 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
26 LITERARY CRYPT
27 NEW EDITIONS, by Ben Ray Redman
28 THE FINE ARTS, by James Thrall Soby
30 SEEING THINGS: THE APES AND THE ANGELS, by John Mason Brown
33 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Lee Rogow
34 TV AND RADIO, by Robert Lewis Shayon
36 BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, by Horace Sutton
43 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1058

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVII, No. 27, July 3, 1954. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa.; under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

Entire issue copyright 1954 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

A RECENT ISSUE of *Confidential*, a magazine that, despite herculean efforts, occasionally leans to the sensational side, declares that the late Ross Lockridge, Jr., had as an active collaborator on "Raintree County" his neighbor and friend Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey. Furthermore, continues *Confidential*, as a tribute to the man he admired above all others, Lockridge introduced in his book a character known as "the perfessor" who was "the thinnest of disguises" for the "blunt, kindly author of the Sexual Behavior books." Lockridge and Kinsey "got together on long hikes through the rolling hills of Indiana and discussed their twin projects, Lockridge listening in youthful fascination as his guide and mentor unreeled for him a panorama of sex life as it really is."

Jay Williams, author of this *Confidential* piece, goes all wrong, I think, when he ascribes Lockridge's subsequent suicide to the bad reception accorded "Raintree County." This mystifies me because, as a matter of fact, "Raintree County" was not only highly regarded by most major critics, but was a tremendous commercial success as well.

LELAND HAYWARD, NOW ONE OF the country's leading producers ("South Pacific," "Mr. Roberts," etc.), made his debut out Hollywood way as an agent—and a mighty shrewd one, too. Last year he was bent on acquiring a certain property for a screen play but objected vigorously to the price tag of $75,000 agent Irving Lazar had put on it. "Irving," implored Hayward, "who taught you to be such a brazen robber anyway?" Lazar answered, quite truthfully, "You did."

One of Hayward's most spectacular exploits as an agent was to collect 10 per cent commission for selling a property by an author he had never even met. Years ago he was lunching at the Brown Derby in Hollywood with the story editor of the newly affluent RKO Picture Corporation. "The big brass in our outfit has loosened the purse strings," reported the editor, "and we're in a position to offer big money for a really important property." "I know a story," said Hayward quietly, "that could be made into the greatest box-office attraction of the year, but I won't tell you about it unless I'm guaranteed a commission of 10 per cent of the purchase price." "Do you represent the author?" asked the editor cautiously. "What's that got to do with it?" countered Hayward.

The editor called the heads of the studio and repeated Hayward's proposition. "Take it," was the decree. "Okay," grinned Hayward. "Just you run around the corner and buy a copy of the new issue of *Woman's Home Companion*. It carries the first instalment of a new serial by Edna Ferber called 'Cimmaron.' In screen form, it can't miss."

The picture rights were bought in due course from Miss Ferber for what was then an all-time high in motion-picture history, and results proved that it was a wise purchase indeed. Hayward collected his 10 per cent, though Miss Ferber didn't even know of his existence at the time. When she found out about his *coup* two things happened in rapid succession. One: she hollered so loudly that a neighbor who had been stone deaf for fifteen years hammered on the wall and complained, "Stop that infernal racket." Two: she hired Leland Hayward to be her agent from that moment forward. They've been close friends ever since—though every once in a while Miss F. feels an urge to try to pry loose that 10 per cent on the "Cimmaron" deal from Mr. H.

She may succeed, too. That will be the day that the Pittsburgh Pirates win the World's Championship and Malenkov signs up for the role of the reactionary boss in the road company of "The Pajama Game."

THE LATE LEE SHUBERT was inclined to blame all the misfortunes of show business on the "unreasonable demands" of playwrights. "Take that show that's closing at the Broadhurst Saturday night," he grumbled one

What are American mass cultural methods doing to American culture?

HERE is a provocative, stimulating discussion of the problem by twelve distinguished writers, who analyze what's wrong with American culture, and suggest what can be done about it. They focus their attention on mass communications and education, and make a plea for greater concentration on individual taste, and less on the desire to please everybody at the same time. This book brings together writings that originally appeared in *The Saturday Review*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
on the Tyranny of the Average

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
on Books

ALISTAIR COOKE
on the Press

GILBERT SELDES
on Radio and TV

NORMAN COUSINS
on the Creative Artist

HAROLD K. GUINZBURG
on Business and Culture

A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD
on Higher Education

JOHN W. DODDS
on Humanistic Values

C. W. de KIEWIET
on Educational Awareness

GEORGE F. KENNAN
on Cultural Intolerance

D. W. BROGAN
on the Taste of the Common Man

IS THE COMMON MAN TOO COMMON?

An informal survey of our cultural resources and what we are doing about them
At all bookstores, $2.75, UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS, Norman, Okla.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

4TH Big Printing!

R. TAYLOR'S
MY HUSBAND KEEPS TELLING ME TO GO TO HELL
by Ella Bently Arthur
Introduction by Harnett T. Kane

Slips-of-the-pencil from the fabulous Dorothy Dix correspondence—145 boners and 44 merciless R. Taylor drawings.

$1.50 wherever books are sold

HANOVER HOUSE Garden City New York

IF YOU ARE AN AUTHOR
of fiction, non-fiction or poetry, and have received rejection slips because you are an unknown, we can help you! We have 30 years' experience in publishing successful books and will design, print, promote, advertise and SELL your book. The cost is low; your royalties are high! For full details, write for free booklet.
COMET PRESS BOOKS 11 W. 42 St. N.Y.C.

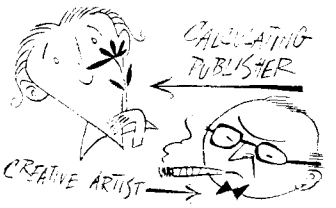
IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move it is necessary that the proper notification be made, at the earliest possible moment to SATURDAY REVIEW by letter, post card, or post office form No. 22S, giving the old address, as well as the new, with postal-zone number if any. You should also notify your local post office on postal form No. 22. Both postal forms are obtainable at any post office.

As considerable time is required to process a change of address, you are urged to advise the SATURDAY REVIEW Subscription Department as soon as you know your new address, preferably four weeks in advance.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW
Subscription Dept.
25 W. 45th St., New York 36, N.Y.

day. "If the author wasn't demanding such an outrageous royalty, I bet we could keep it running another six months." Since the speaker was Lee Shubert, nobody bothered reminding him that the attraction at the Broadhurst was William Shakespeare's



"Romeo and Juliet." . . . It's stories like that one, of course, that lend some substance and justification to a statement made to me recently by one of the country's leading authors. "I believe," he asserted, "that an author is entitled to every penny he can pry out of a publisher or producer. I'm for the creative artist against the calculating businessman every time." "There's only one catch in that," I reminded my friend. "Very few authors I know qualify as creative artists—and I don't know three publishers who are calculating businessmen."

LIBERACE MAY NOT BE THE FAVORITE pianist of the literati, but he proved himself more adept than most authors I know at coping with critics who obviously were out to murder him. When reviewers on the major New York newspapers hooted derisively at his Madison Square Garden performance (packed to the rafters with palpitating females), Liberace wired each and every detractor: "Your cruel remarks made me so unhappy I cried all the way to the bank." . . . Joe E. Lewis now begins his late late show at the nighteries by consulting his wrist watch and musing, "Hum-m-m! It's 1:00 A.M. in Los Angeles now. Wonder what Joe DiMaggio is up to?" . . . . Sign in an editor's office: "My mind is made up. Don't confuse me with the facts." . . . The day after the Egyptian funeral bark was discovered outside Cairo, Carl Brandt phoned the Curator of Egyptology at the Metropolitan Museum of Art just to remark, "Well, pal, today you must be licking your Cheops!" . . . Bob Sylvester, author of "The Big Boodle," has heard of a new job that will test a man's courage: food taster for Army officers stopping at Schine hotels. Bob also reports that the Navy is working on an atomic sub which will stay under water for four years, coming up just long enough to allow the crew to re-enlist.

ROBERT LINSCOTT'S VERBAL TRIBUTE to fellow-editor Saxe Commins: "He smites a barren rock with his blue pencil, and champagne gushes forth." . . . New president of Bantam Books: Oscar Dystel, former ball-of-fire at *Collier's*, *Coronet*, and *Parent's Magazine*. New head editor of Little, Brown in Boston: Nick Wreden (one of the very best) . . . The backer of Max Geffen's new condensed book set-up (see TRADE WINDS for May 8) has been revealed. It's the Book-of-the-Month Club. Thirteen volumes a year are planned, each containing condensations of four novels and works of non-fiction, available to members at $1.95 a copy. . . . Frederico Babcock, erudite and Casanovian editor of the *Chicago Tribune*'s Magazine of Books, has a novel featured on Doubleday's fall list. It's called "Hang Up the Fiddle." Hero is a young newspaperman who is rumored to bear more than a passing resemblance to the dashing author himself. . . . Herman Wouk figures to complete his new novel by September. It's the story of what happens to a young actress, destined for stardom, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four. . . . Truman Capote dismisses the author of a recent book of short stories with rather tricky endings as a "sad Saki." . . . New Prexy of the ABA: Ellsworth R. Young, owner of Phillips Book Store, Cambridge. Coming up: Bob Bangs, of Marshall Field. On deck: Cynthia Walsh, of the Hampshire Bookshop. New president of the Book Publishers' Council, I'm proud to say, is my own partner, Don Klopfer, a choice, I frankly believe, on which no improvement could be made. He succeeds Doug Black, of Doubleday, another publisher in the the finest tradition. End of soft music.

FROM DETROIT COMES the story of a bookseller who moved to a fine new location: prosperous neighborhood, reasonable rental, and a great big branch of the fire department right next door. "If some of those sexy numbers ignite by spontaneous combustion," he told his staff happily, "it's nice to know the firemen are so close I just have to holler for them." He didn't feel quite so cocky after he had met the chief personally. "How do you go about fighting a

three-alarm blaze?" he asked. "Well, son," replied the veteran smoke-eater, "I'll tell you this: I never saw a fire yet that didn't burn itself out sooner or later." —BENNETT CERF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

JULY 3, 1954

BACK TO CADILLAC COUNTRY

By WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

On Independence Day weekend it seems particularly appropriate to take a steady, searching look at the current state of the Union. Here it is viewed through the eyes of a widely traveled journalist and historian, William Harlan Hale, who has recently returned to this country after a tour of duty as Director of the Public Affairs Division of the U.S. High Commission in Austria.

RECENTLY I returned home with my family after three-and-a-half years in Europe, most of them spent in an official effort to influence people along the mid-Danube and tell them the truth about America. Had the truth about ourselves changed in those three-and-a-half years? I couldn't know for sure, from so far away. There were moments when I expected the worst.

One such occurred when on landing I had all our baggage lined up on the pier. I recalled having read abroad a nervous Washington pronouncement informing all customs inspectors that small atomic bombs could readily be brought into the United States in suitcases, which had left me wondering as to what you could then bring in inside a trunk. And here we were, with our twenty-one pieces of baggage, including a heavy, padlocked wooden crate and a mysterious-looking fat burlap roll, nine feet long. The crate was filled with children's books and ornamental ironware, and the roll consisted of rugs that had been woven for us on the island of Mallorca; but wouldn't the inspectors now tear everything open on the hunt for some infernal engine? Besides, we were ex-State-Department people, identifiable New-Dealers—suspicious characters maybe. Furthermore, I had not hit it off well with Messrs. Cohn and Schine when they descended on my office in Vienna, and had declined even to buy them the drink that is customary when investigators blow into town. Anything might happen.

What did happen was that the inspector, a tall Negro with a quiet, searching eye, glanced at my declaration, observed our children romping over the questionable burlap roll, and then in his serious way said, "How did you stand it so long over there? Sure must feel good to be back"—whereupon, without a further word or look, he began pasting his stickers on all our pieces of baggage and waved them through the barrier, unopened.

What's this? I thought. Hadn't the man *heard* . . . ? Well, perhaps a little too much had been made of our alleged American jitters. With an upwelling of good feelings toward the Eisenhower Administration we descended to the street level. "What's dis?" said the truckman eying our big roll. "Prayer rugs," was the relaxed answer. "Is dat so?" he said, heaving it aboard. "Well, it takes all kinds. Don't go in for that church stuff myself."

There was evidently still freedom of speech.

ALONG with my other impedimenta I unloaded a car. Our veteran sedan had transported us safely over 30,000 miles of Europe, and I watched anxiously as it came swinging overside lest some accident befall it at the very end of its journey. Over three years ago, when it had reached us fresh from the Ford factory one day in wintry Vienna, it had come as a gleaming reminder of home. It had seemed big—bigger even than in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advertisements—when driven through the narrow streets of the war-racked capital, looming above the handcarts, the hand-me-down Nazi-vintage Volkswagen, the puffing and ancient Steyr-Puch taxicabs, the squat Renaults of the better black-marketeers, and the low-slung Czech Tatras thickly populated with Russians. It had seemed especially big and glamorous in the back-country of the Alps, where in whole villages in 1953 there was not yet one resident automobile; and even down on the busy North Italian plain, among diminutive Fiats and puttering motorcycles, or in the French Jura, or on the dusty roads of Catalonia, where outside the tourist season one can travel for hours without seeing anything faster than a wagon, it remained the symbol of American power and success.

It had also, in its day, done duty at official balls and receptions abroad, following due protocol with its "Corps Diplomatique" plate and a magical low license-number that caused all Austrian policemen to salute; it had transported visiting Congressmen, interesting Hungarian refugees, French propagandists, Austrian politicians tipsy after their *Heurigen,* and even Cohn and Schine; Soviet sentries had frequently stopped it, and a Soviet truck had once nicked it; it was, I thought, a pretty distinguished car: not as distinguished as the Ambassador's Cadillac, of course, but, still, a vehicle with a history.

Yet here, as we drove our veteran off the pier into New York's streets, it seemed that everyone had a Cadillac. This was not as it had been when we left, three and more years ago. At that time, also, New York's avenues—at least some of them—were still thoroughfares. Now, they seemed to have become areas in which cars of the finest makes, with engines running, stood in closed, stationary formation for long periods of time, giving their passengers ample opportunity to gaze into each other's windows or at the shop fronts. This was perhaps the new American leisure of which we had been hearing in the housekeeping magazines.

There were still certain observable class distinctions among American automobilists, some Cadillacs being with chauffeurs and some without; and there were so many Cadillacs abreast, all lined up for a sprint to catch up with the next batch of Cadillacs piled up at the next traffic light, that I wondered whether at the head of the procession there might not be some primordial leader-Cadillac, whom everyone else was following and which was probably also held up at a light.

My modest Ford, when speeding down European byways, had brought glances from the roadside as of people peering at the unattainable. At home everything now seemed attainable; yet even the acquirers of the biggest and fastest seemed to be having trouble in making it take them where they wanted to go. The automobile horn, once a safety device, seemed now on its way to becoming an instrument of mass social protest, when sounded by drivers in unison, bogged down in the traffic which their own prosperity had created. Against whom and what were they protesting? The traffic cop? He was as helpless as they amid the onrush of splendid, pent-up power. The mayor? He had done what he could, and appointed a committee. The super-sedans in front of them, to the left of them, to the right of them? Why, these were but the images of their own: to protest against them would be to protest against one's self.

SINCE my departure evidently we had acquired great riches. Had we also acquired an embarrassment of them? The ruling impulse, clearly, was to acquire more of the same. Yet there seemed to be an uneasiness in the air that if we all did acquire the same, we might end up like "Mike and Ike—they look alike." Theoretically, I presumed, the Cadillac people would like to sell every American one of their cars. Yet their advertising emphasized that a Cadillac conferred upon its owner a special *cachet,* as of the possession of so rare a thing as a Rembrandt. Mass-produced goods, which in my day were simply mass-produced, were now being "personalized." Not only the "exclusive" shirt or tie, but the common fountain pen or blanket were now being sold with some gimmick that would appear to make them unique to their possessor, and I asked myself whether we would next hear of individually monogrammed refrigerators.

In Mallorca, where I had last stayed, there were almost no refrigerators, and of the two Cadillacs on the island one belonged to the Captain-General of the province, a man high in the counsels of Generalissimo Franco, and the other to Juan March, the banker and big-time entrepreneur who had put up much of the money that originally financed Franco. There was something to be said against everybody having identical Cadillacs, yet perhaps the Mallorquin solution was less than ideal, since it left everybody else to the individualism of possessing identical donkey-carts.

Were the Spaniards a happier people than we because—with the exception of a few dozen Captains-General and Juan Marches—they didn't even try for Cadillacs? I couldn't tell; we had spent eight months there, yet their reserve was great. We knew the Austrians better; and they had once been fellow subjects of the same Apostolic Majesty. Proud of Mozart, Haydn, and even Grillparzer (the Shakespeare of late-Biedermeyer Vienna), the Austrians looked down on what they considered our Cadillac culture and our almighty pursuit of the dollar; yet I had never seen anyone pursuing the dollar so avidly as the Austrians themselves, swarming

(*Continued on page* 38)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GUILLOTINES, GIBBETS AND SUCH

Violet M. Cobb of Los Angeles, California, asks you to identify ten historical characters, each of whom was executed, by their last words. Allowing ten days off for each correct answer your sentence will read: eighty or better, a full pardon, seventy a temporary reprieve, and sixty—may the Lord have mercy on your soul! Answers on page 19.

1. "Play the man, Master Ridley; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as shall never be put out."
2. "I heard say the executioner be very good, and I have but a little neck."
3. "Never mind—we are sure to arrive."
4. "O Liberty! What crimes are committed in thy name!"
5. "I am not afraid to die—you cannot hang all of us!"
6. "Please aim for my heart, so that my mother will not be caused unnecessary suffering when she looks upon my face."
7. "I never could believe that Providence had sent a few men into the world, ready booted and spurred to ride, and millions ready saddled and bridled to be ridden."
8. "In the name of your mother, monsieur, let me stay covered."
9. "Where is it? Where is it? I cannot find it?"
10. "You cannot prevent our heads from kissing in the basket."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Inner and Outer Bostonians

By M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

BOSTONIANS in general have been divided into the Proper and the Improper. For my present purpose I want to separate them into the Inner and the Outer. This distinction might be studied in various fields—professional, financial, institutional, and merely social. In the social category the membership lists of several clubs indicate clearly enough, in so far as names can suggest, that the Inner—or, if you prefer the word, Proper—Bostonians still abound. Here I would confine myself to the field of letters. In the period covered by Van Wyck Brooks in "The Flowering of New England" the Inner prevailed among the bookish to an extraordinary extent. Prescott, Parkman, and Motley, in the field of history; Emerson, tinctured with Concord, like Longfellow with Portland and Hawthorne with Salem; Holmes, Lowell, and their associates in the twin infancies of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the Saturday Club—all these shared so much of the common inheritance of New England stock, its intellectual standards largely affected by the liberal teachings of Harvard, that they qualified as Inner Bostonians. There was something definitely special about this. The recognition of it quite outside the Boston community is suggested by the remark in George Templeton Strong's Diary when Gulian Verplanck, a figure of note among what Whitman called the "literats" of New York, died in 1873: "Had he only lived in Boston he would have been famous."

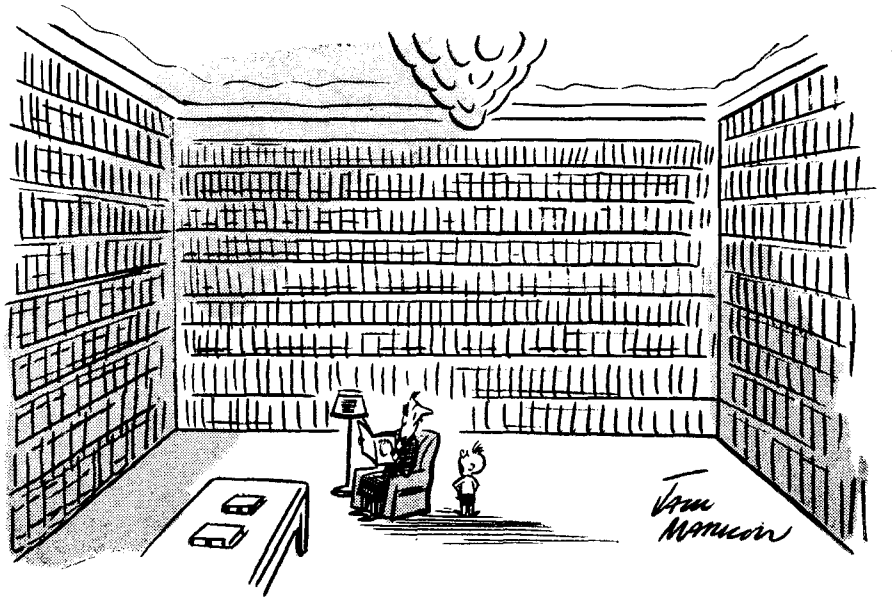
As the "Flowering" period faded away and the "Indian Summer" (placed by Brooks in the half-century between 1865 and 1915) ensued, some Outer Bostonians began to replace the Inner. Howells from Ohio, Aldrich from New York, after a Yankee boyhood, Walter Page from the South and New York, and Bliss Perry from Williams College via Princeton, all became editors of the *Atlantic*. Page's Boston-born predecessor Horace Scudder, like Perry, was of Williams rather than Harvard training. Ellery Sedgwick, on whose Stockbridge foundation his Harvard, *Youth's Companion*, and New York magazine experience was built, had something more of spirit and association in common with the earlier (Inner) *Atlantic* tradition than most of his predecessors. Yet I remember his uncle, Charles Eliot Norton, expressing some misgivings about the passing of the *Atlantic*, when Sedgwick became its editor, into the control of any New York man.

In the Boston writing brotherhood of the Indian Summer time the Inner Bostonians were diminishing in number. Edward Everett Hale and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, best remembered as, respectively, the author of "The Man Without a Country" and as the colonel of a Negro regiment, carried a distinctive Boston flavor from the period of the Civil War into the years that followed it. Robert Grant and Barrett Wendell were conspicuous specimens of the remnant. William James, hovering over the literary scene from Cambridge, invigorated it with a distinctive flavor of his own. Then there were John Fiske and Gamaliel Bradford, of Plymouth descent. Two or three Adamses, never much at ease in their native Zion, were producing their notable books. In 1893 came from Cleveland the redoubtable James Ford Rhodes, who proudly defined himself on the title page of the fifth volume of his "History of the United States" (1904) as "Member of the Massachusetts Historical Society." Alcott is said to have put the confident question to Emerson, "If Pythagoras should come to Concord, whom would he ask first to see?" If Herodotus had come to Boston he would have asked first for Rhodes, as nearly an Inner as any Outer Bostonian could become.

In the half century between the Flowering period of a hundred years ago and the Indian Summer, the change which led Oliver Herford to call New England "the abandoned farm of literature" was well under way. Brooks has remarked that in the second half of this period Boston was left to gather up its relics, with many Bostonians sorting their family papers. (Is it shameless to remember that, suprisingly enough, he credited me as a biographer with bringing to life some of the local Pharaohs hitherto enswathed as mummies? It must be added that I have never thought of them as such.) What I had learned of one aspect of Boston itself in the fifty years preceding the publication of my book "Boston: The Place and the People" (1903) was contained in a chapter, "The 'Literary Centre'." There I likened Boston to Edinburgh, but an Edinburgh without a London. New York, as a center of letters, could not then have been counted analogous to London. Nor can it now, as a place in which there is any such company of New York writers as there was once a company of distinctively Boston writers.

BUT back from New York to Boston! How essentially Bostonian (Inner or Outer) is its literary society—so to call its writers, editors, and publishers—today, and how has it been in the recent past? In answer to this question names must be named, with reference to personal backgrounds, not to personal qualities. A roster not aiming at completeness would run somewhat as follows: Ferris Greenslet,

(*Continued on page* 35)



"You swiped my comic book again!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN LIVES

"THE LIBRARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY," edited by Oscar Handlin (Little, Brown), is a new series of short biographies of distinguished Americans. In all, more than twenty volumes are planned. The first volume, "U. S. Grant and the American Military Tradition," by Bruce Catton, was reviewed in SR *May 8. Three more are reviewed below.*

1. STATESMAN

"Elihu Root and the Conservative Tradition," by Richard W. Leopold *(Little, Brown. 222 pp. $3), is a biography of a Republican who served with distinction as Secretary of War and Secretary of State. Dexter Perkins, who reviews it here, recently retired as professor of history at the University of Rochester and in the autumn will become John L. Senior Professor of American Civilization at Cornell University.*

By Dexter Perkins

THESE days historians and political scientists are paying much attention to the role of conservatism. It is natural, after a period of profound social change, that this should be the case. The role of those who preside over or participate in the process of social adjustment will always have a peculiar fascination. This is as it should be. But we need to balance our appreciation of the innovators with a sympathetic understanding of those who are more concerned with that which is good in the existing order. Richard W. Leopold has done just this in a calm, careful, and judicious study, "Elihu Root and the Conservative Tradition."

It is perhaps fair to say that what is neglected in the liberal philosophy is concern for administration. The vitality of government depends in no small degree on the skill with which government is administered. Elihu Root began his public career as a great administrator, as Secretary of War under Presidents McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt. Lord Haldane, another great public servant, said that in Root's annual reports one finds "the very last word concerning the organization and place of an army in a democracy." The increase in the size of the army, the abolition of permanent assignment to staff jobs in Washington, the creation of the Army War College, the invigoration of the antiquated militia system, and most far-reaching of all, the introduction of the general staff principle, are achievements the full importance of which ought to be recognized in an age when Americans have at last awakened (or at least partially awakened) to the importance of the armed forces in international affairs.

It is, of course, true that this brilliant lawyer and administrator was often to be found opposing measures that in the long run have been found to be necessary and useful. He never understood, least of all sympathized with, the movement of reform that hit the country in the first decade and a half of the twentieth century. He could not even bring himself to vote for such a fundamental statute as the Federal Reserve Act of 1913, hardly radical legislation. Yet it would be quite wrong to conclude that Root was lacking in idealism. His tenure in the State Department was marked by the first substantial recognition of the importance of good understanding in our relations with Latin America. He was always interested in the arbitration and judicial settlement of international disputes. He never took the point of view of the irreconcilables with regard to the Covenant of the League of Nations. And, in the evening of his career, he paid a tardy but, one need not doubt, a sincere tribute to Woodrow Wilson.

NOR would it be right to say that Root's only qualified support of the Covenant was dictated merely by his Republicanism. As the struggle of 1919 and 1920 recedes into the distance, it is easier than it was then to see that honest men doubted the value of the principle of collective security or the readiness of the United States to undertake the obligations of collective security. True, the Wilsonian idea has shown remarkable vitality and is influential today. But it is still only a partially realized conception, and it ought to be possible to see how faith in it could be lacking thirty-four years ago.

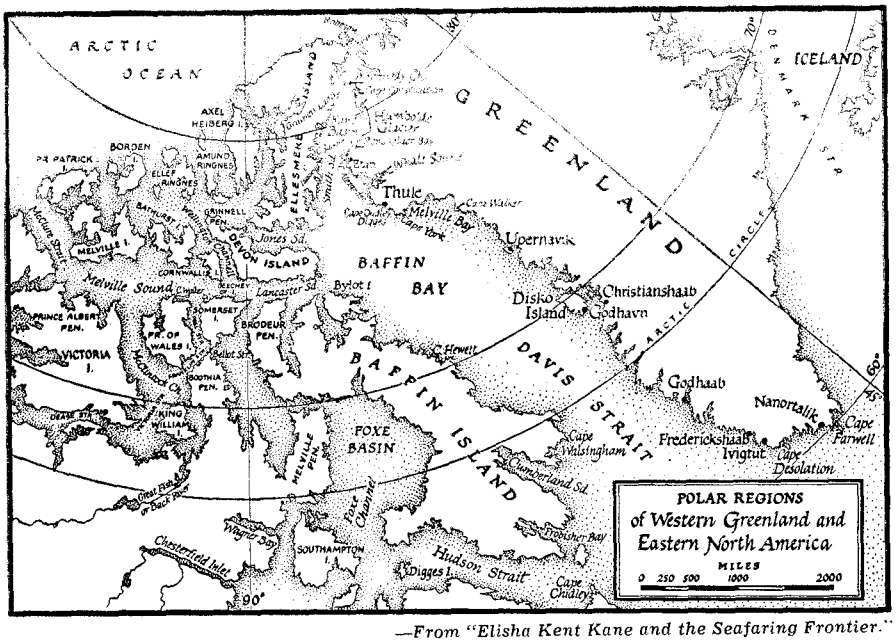
It is not strange that Root appears at times as a narrow partisan. He belonged to a generation and to a social group in which Republicanism was an article of faith. His associations and his interests were such as to harden him in this faith. Nor is the judicial view of politics very common among those today who have to participate actively in party warfare. Perhaps, at his core, Root was more detached than many others, free, in most of his relationships, from pettiness and vindictiveness.

All this and much more Professor Leopold has made clear in this well-balanced and lucidly written volume. And he has done it within the lim-

—An anti-Root cartoon (Culver Service).

"Sec. of War Elihu Root, one of the greatest military tacticians ever turned out by a law office, is actively engaged in planning campaigns to subdue the hostiles to the administration who are secreted in sundry Senate Committee rooms under the command of Gen. Miles and others, to whom he is known as the 'root' of all evil."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From "Elisha Kent Kane and the Seafaring Frontier."

"If Eskimos could live in the Arctic . . . so could white men."

ited scope of a little book of hardly two hundred pages of text. His work is a most useful contribution to the history of the period, and to an understanding of American conservatism.

2. EXPLORER

"Elisha Kent Kane and the Seafaring Frontier," by Jeanette Mirsky *(Little, Brown. 201 pp. $3), is an account of the life of a little-appreciated nineteenth-century explorer, set against the background of the American pioneering tradition.*

By Raymond Holden

RECENT changes in the emphasis, purpose, and technique of exploration have left little room in the public mind for the memory of some of those great figures among explorers whose manner of approach to their work was more important than their discoveries. Among these, one of the most notable and one of the least noted was Elisha Kent Kane of Philadelphia, who died ninety-seven years ago at the age of thirty-seven.

Jeanette Mirsky, who is the author of "To the Arctic!," one of the best summary accounts of Arctic exploration in general, has chosen to present, in "Elisha Kent Kane and the Seafaring Frontier," an inspirational sketch of Kane's life at the same time that she exhibits the explorer as an example of the American pioneer instinct, seafaring division. Let it be said at the outset that Miss Mirsky's choice has resulted in an incomplete and not entirely satisfactory biography and has left the point, if there was one, about Kane as a seafaring pioneer rather shakily made. Yet since the point is relatively unimportant and there is a definitive biography of Kane elsewhere in progress, and since Miss Mirsky writes well and intelligently, her book is by no means waste motion. Her subject gives her plenty of cooperation. It would be impossible to write an uninteresting book about Kane.

Elisha Kane was born in Philadelphia in 1820 of well-to-do parents. He had a medical degree by the time he was twenty-two and at twenty-three became a surgeon in the United States Navy. His health, undermined by rheumatic fever, was not good, and the visits to tropical and Oriental countries which his naval service made possible, though they stimulated his mind and developed his character, brought him more than once to the brink of death.

In 1847 Kane got out of the Navy and into the Army, serving in Mexico while, unknown to him, Sir John Franklin was dying with his men in the Arctic. Like the Mexican War, the tragedy of Sir John Franklin was a lamentable and, it now seems, even an avoidable mistake but, unlike the Mexican War, it was positively fruitful. Out of the mystery which for many years surrounded the fate of Sir John, his ships, and his men grew the technique of modern exploration and the great explorers who developed it. Elisha Kane was one of these. When the United States Congress, occupied with problems of the extension of slavery and the admission of California to the Union, got around to heeding Lady Franklin's plea for international help in the search for her husband, Kane applied for a post with the American expedition. He got it. Though the expedition which got underway in 1850 found no trace of Franklin it turned out to be the apprenticeship of a great explorer.

Following his return to the United States Kane spent his time planning a second trip in search of Franklin and a book about his first. Early in 1853 he once more set out for the North, this time in command of his own expedition, into the planning and outfitting of which went a genius which, had it been applied to Franklin's great adventure, might have saved the lives of many if not all of the 123 British seamen who never saw England again. Yet even this expedition of Kane's did not find Franklin, his men, or his ships. Kane did make a "farthest north" which remained unexceeded for many years, but most important of all he brought home five-sixths of his men in spite of the loss of his ship. He was able to do so because of the sound sense he applied to Arctic travel, sense which told him that if the Eskimos could live in the Arctic without canned goods or scurvy, so could white men—by living off the land, and off the sea. His journey in open whaleboats over ice and through it for thirteen hundred miles was a masterpiece of survival technique.

Miss Mirsky is a good storyteller and she makes the most of invalid Kane's romantic and heartening adventure, even if she does not give the detailed biographical background which would make an adequate setting.

3. SCIENTIST

"William H. Welch and the Rise of Modern Medicine," by Donald Fleming *(Little, Brown. 216 pp. $3), tells of the life and influence of a physician whose work reached far beyond the confines of Johns Hopkins, where he taught more than half a century ago. Below it is reviewed by Russell S. Bowles, M. D., professor of clinical medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.*

By Russell S. Bowles, M.D.

THROUGH a series of thirteen essays, rather than a biography in the conventional sense, Donald Fleming appraises the technical and scientific attainments of one of the

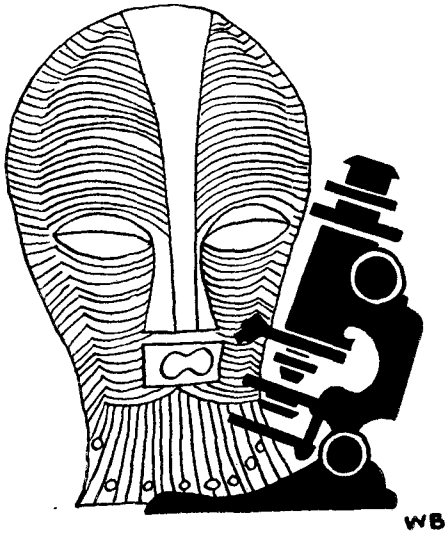
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pioneers of modern American medicine in "William H. Welch and the Rise of Modern Medicine." In interesting fashion he tells something about Dr. Welch's ancestry (at least eight of his forebears were Connecticut Yankee physicians) and training (engineering and medicine at Yale, Columbia and abroad) before he settled down at Johns Hopkins as dean of the medical faculty and director of its school of hygiene, and then spent the last decades of his life in the influential post of chairman of the board of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

It would take several volumes the size of Mr. Fleming's book to do justice to Welch's scientific activities and accomplishments. Sometime someone should publish a separate evaluation of this sort; to attempt to do this in a biography does justice to neither.

One does not get far into Mr. Fleming's book before he senses that the author has a hero worship for his subject. Perhaps it would have been better if he had allowed the reader to judge for himself whether Welch was a hero. Time will tell just what kind of a "rise" of modern medicine occurred under Welch's influence. It is he who was largely responsible for turning medicine over to the scientists to such an extent that today clinical and personal standards are often subordinated and distorted in medical practice. Under his influence "rise" undoubtedly did occur in the field of public health, in which interest was initiated and rapidly promoted through the Rockefeller Institute.

In adopting the German pattern of medical education, Welch was largely instrumental in placing emphasis on the laboratory instead of the patient. He was an exponent of de-emphasis on the personality of the teacher of medicine which, as his biographer points out, was consistent with his "own character and temperament." It also explains his ultimate endorsement of the "full-time" (no private practice) policy for the medical faculty of Johns Hopkins University. His contemporary Dr. William Osler maintained that "full-time" would probably lead to the production of "a set of clinical prigs, the boundary of whose horizon would be the laboratory, and whose only human interest would be research." In line with the academic and scientific trend, the requirements for admission to the Johns Hopkins Medical School became such that Osler summed them up by saying, "Welch, we are lucky to get in as professors, for I am sure that neither you nor I could ever get in as students."



WB

That time has already begun to reveal that the Welch conception of medicine as developed at the Johns Hopkins School was not an altogether wholesome and enduring "rise" in medicine is being attested by the intensive reappraisal of medical education being carried on at the present time—the obvious intent being to bring the student back to the patient and develop in him an awareness of human values in medicine. So eventually it may develop that Fleming's hero was a hero for a time but maybe not for all time; which is good reason why a biographer should assess his subject in relation to his times.

Mr. Fleming might have helped us to understand Welch better if he had told us more about him as a human being. For example, it would be helpful to have had his attitude toward women appraised. Was his destiny guided by the loss of his mother when he was only six months old? Why was he so vigorously opposed to coeducation for women in medicine at Johns Hopkins, even though his hostility might have cost the school the loss of a $100,000 gift? Was it really because he would be "troubled at the thought of saying things in the classroom that women would regard as indelicate"? Of course, girls have changed since then, but even in his day he stood very much alone in respect to the girl problem. In speaking of girls (he never did marry), why did he shun so rudely the four lovelies of Baltimore society who were invited for his enlightenment? And what about those geisha girls at the little secluded inn at Tadotsu, Japan, where he chose to spend the night even though it meant leaving the Flexners, with whom he was traveling?

In alluding to Welch's political and social attitudes, Mr. Fleming gives the impression that he should be

THE SERIES: A few years ago—1951, to be exact—Little, Brown & Company, Boston, and Oscar Handlin, Cambridge, got together to discuss biography. It could stand a little retooling, they agreed. Little, Brown thereupon mentioned that it was interested in publishing a new series of biographies of Americans, a project which, it turned out, was exactly what the Handlin theory of biography had been restlessly waiting around for. The result was "The Library of American Biography," which opened for business a couple of months ago with the publication of 5,000 copies of Bruce Catton's "U. S. Grant and the American Military Tradition." It got fine reviews. Five other biographies are following in quick succession.

Handlin, who is editor of the series (he selects the biographers, writes the prefaces) is a stocky, productive, thirty-eight-year-old associate professor of history at Harvard (he teaches *History 166*—"The Immigrant in American History"—among other courses.) Back in 1952, his book, "The Uprooted: The Epic Story of the Great Migrations That Made the American People," won the Pulitzer Prize for history. Biography has always fascinated him, and in his discussions with Little, Brown he remarked that he felt there was a loophole in biography. "It has no consistent theory," he declared. Handlin's own theory revolves chiefly around the idea of "interaction." "The proper problem for the biographer is to assess the role of men in history," he says. "His subject is not the complete man or the complete society, but the points at which the two interact. At these points, the situation can throw light on the character of the individual, and the individual's reaction can illuminate the situation. The heaping up of such biographies would not therefore provide a complete history of a society. But it would provide a succession of insights into the critical developments in its political, cultural, social, and economic life. A series of such books would thus contribute to the understanding of both our past and of the men in our past." —BERNARD KALB.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

counted among the liberals of the first order. He believed that "one of the greatest needs of the United States was the 'extension and improvement' of a public-health organization under the national government." He had a strong concept of "the socialism of hygiene." One of his decisions, while president of the National Academy of Sciences in 1916, was to reject a proposal "to offer the services of American science" to President Wilson in the event of war. Later he reversed himself when he presided at a meeting of the academy "which voted unanimously" to inform the President "that in the event of a break in diplomatic relations with any country, the Academy desires to place itself at the disposal of the Government for any services within its scope."

"William H. Welch and the Rise of Modern Medicine" does not offer much to specialists, but it does provide an interesting (though not always smooth) survey of an important epoch in the history of modern medicine and especially of the impact that the "Four Horsemen" at Johns Hopkins had on the evolution (if not the "rise") of medical education in America. Welch, Osler, Halsted, and Kelly were notable individuals—and closely akin to them were such masters as Mall, Barker, Howell, and Flexner. When such a group gets to work something is bound to happen—and it did—at Hopkins!

Mr. Fleming's readers will pardon him for his exaggerated loyalty to the sons of his alma mater. Welch and his colleagues were among the great men of medicine and Hopkins a great school among schools as he makes clear; but there were others in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia that took and have held a leading and impressive part in molding medical schools and physicians in a constantly improving pattern.

David

By Melville Cane

DAVID, finding adult speech
Quite beyond his infant reach,
Undismayed and resolute,
Seeks a working substitute.
David tests his vocal chords
On a language without words.

Hear his songs of innocence
Unimpaired by mood or tense,
Born of babbled syllables,
Treble notes and trillables.
In a music all his own
He converses all alone.

FICTION

Behind a Savage Throne

"Jaguar and the Golden Stag," by Dexter Allen *(Coward-McCann. 340 pp. $3.75), is a story of intrigue within the ruling family of Aztecs, a century before the Spanish conquest of Mexico.*

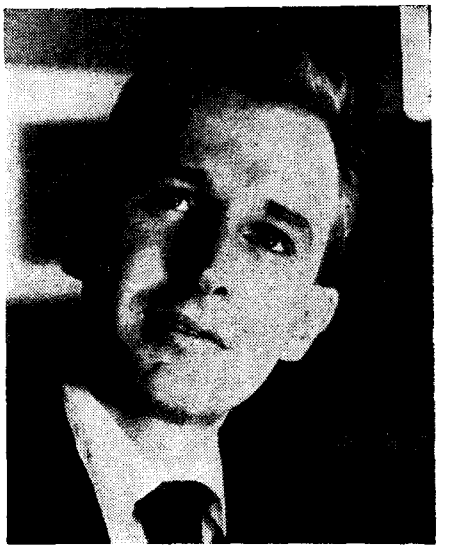
By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

SOMETHING more than four hundred years ago, in a high valley of Mexico, there came to full flower one of the three great civilizations of the American Indian. Less intellectually advanced than the Mayan, less absolute in its controls than the religio-socialist empire of the Incas, the Tenochan culture which we call Aztec had at least reached a point where it could support three teeming capitals and produce palaces and pyramids and gardens which were not unworthy of Babylon or Egypt.

"It is like the enchantments that they tell of in the legends of Amadis!" cried Bernal Diaz de Castillo when he first beheld Tenochtitlan in its marshy lake. Overnight this civilization fell. The White God—in the person of the adventurer Cortez—had indeed returned. Accompanied by only 400 men-at-arms (but these armed and mounted in the European style) he plunged into this strange country and toppled Montezuma in what has well been termed an event "seldom paralleled in our annals." Small wonder that historians like Prescott, novelists as different as Lew Wallace and Samuel Shellabarger, and poets like Archibald MacLeish have found its fascination inescapable.

But in point of fact Montezuma came after the apogee had passed, and he might well have been the last of his dynasty even if the Spaniards had not invaded Aztlan. Ahead of him were the really great Aztec emperors, and their capitol was Tezcuco, not Tenochtitlan. Nezahualcoyotl (Coyotl) reigned from 1418 to 1472. He is considered one of the dominant figures in American Indian history. His son, Nezahualpilli (Nezual), reigned from 1472 to the eve of the conquest. He was hardly less great.

It is with their story and primarily with the story of Nezahualpilli that Dexter Allen's really fine novel, "Jaguar and the Golden Stag," concerns itself. It paints Nezuahal as a sensitive and complex character. In history he was a priest king with all



Dexter Allen—"overnight [it] fell."

the various attributes thereof—but here he is an intriguing mixture: who is at once strong and introspective; firm and determined to assert himself, yet moody and brooding; calculating yet straightforward; and though not particularly worldly, in no way unattracted by the glamour and the sensuous charms of the love goddess, Huitza, who has taken possession of the mortal Princess Mecatl.

Because Nezahual ascends the throne at nine, he comes under the tutelage of his uncle, Conahuat, the Regent, and because his uncle wishes to convert this regency into permanent rule, he is plunged into a web of events that should satisfy the most exacting. There is Indian war, there is love, there is plot and counterplot, and there is what amounts to a happy ending. The wicked regent is slain and the priestly and aristocrat plotters are foiled. And Huitza, leaving the body of Mecatl, thereupon becomes a warm and winning human girl.

The writing is excellent, and the physical descriptions truly evoke the vanished Aztec world. There are, however, one or two psychological anachronisms. The real Nezahuapilli joined Montezuma's uncle, Ahutizotl, in the bloody 1476 Oaxaca raid and with his own hands tore out his share of the hearts of the 20,000 sacrificed victims. This made him a true Aztec chief. It is difficult to imagine Mr. Allen's somewhat more attractive Nezahual performing so primitive and gory, yet so characteristic, an act.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Commerce Comes to Mexico

"The Conquest of Don Pedro," by Harvey Fergusson *(William Morrow. 250 pp. $3.50), is the story of a New York-born Jew who settles in the Old Southwest and of his efforts to adapt himself to the peculiar conditions, romantic and economic, of that tonic land.*

By Lon Tinkle

THE most conspicuously admired of all novels about the American Southwest is Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop," which truly pictures the establishment of Santa Fe as a triumph of "religious effort," a conquest of the spirit.

Triumph or conquest, there you have the major words in the Southwest—and the more sensitive writers of the region have always been preoccupied with the qualities that yield victory: bravery or courage, dedication or discipline, ambition or limitless lust for power.

The psychology of "the champion" informs such various books as Tom Lea's "The Brave Bulls," Paul Horgan's "The Devil in the Desert," Harvey Fergusson's "Grant of Kingdom," even Oliver LaFarge's "Laughing Boy." It is probably inherent in the Westward movement, as it is in the great myth of a free life next to nature in "Western" novels. But the more thoughtful writers of the Southwest, including the eminent four above, have always philosophically questioned the nature of courage and discipline and power—human riddles in a limitless land.

Harvey Fergusson's newest novel, "The Conquest of Don Pedro," is as ironically titled as his brilliant novel of 1950, "Grant of Kingdom." In "The Conquest of Don Pedro" he poses again the problem of the essential loneliness of man, be he urban or pastoral. For a condition of growth is the necessity of defeat.

His hero knows both. He "conquers" the feudalism of the small frontier town of Don Pedro; he brings a Northern flair for commerce to a community which has been for generations under the patriarchal rule of one great privileged Mexican family. Leo Mendes is a new sort of Western hero, one whose value and meaning have been little exploited in fiction. Born in New York of Jewish parentage, Leo goes West when he is twenty-five. He is tubercular. To vanquish sickness, he becomes an itinerant peddler. His first victory is the reconquest of his health, as he walks from settlement to settlement (his goods packed on a burro) in the tonic sunlight and air of the New Mexico highlands. A wandering minstrel welcomed everywhere, Leo becomes one of the best loved men in the country. He is soon able to set up shop in a southern valley, challenging the rule of the local hidalgo.

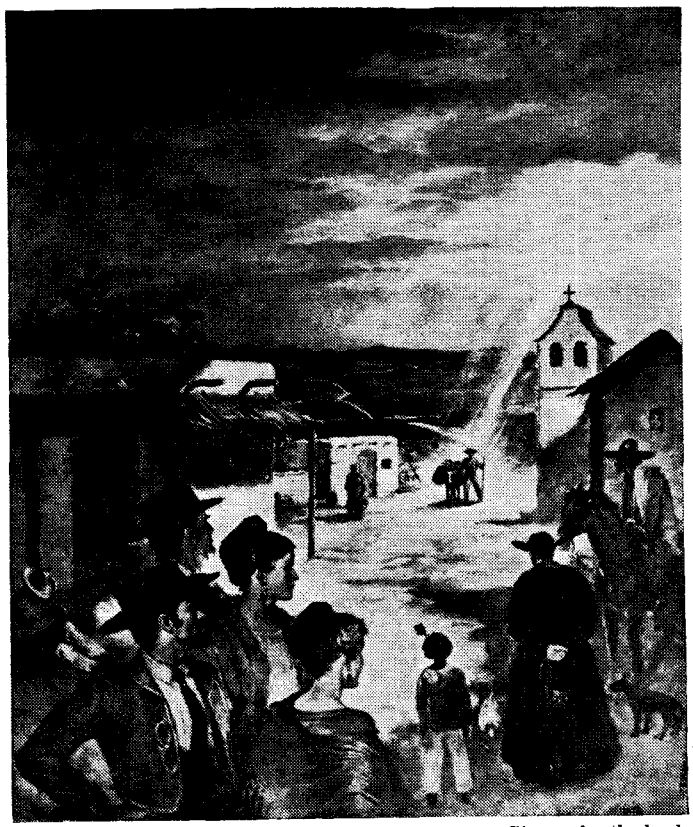
In a place, and a time, when every man in sight took a passionate interest in weapons, Leo Mendes never carried a gun, never hid a treacherous blade on his person. He did not know how to shoot the firearms he stocked in his store. He had a different courage: a fatalistic unconcern with death. And yet, like the most expert of gunmen, he took terrific risks. Notably with the women of Don Pedro's ruling clan. Leo Mendes even triumphs over the Catholic upbringing of sixteen-year-old and beautiful Magdalena Vierra. She accepts a civil marriage with Leo; their household becomes the center of power in Southern New Mexico.

But the individualistic economic system that Leo set up in place of a feudal structure must yield to corporate expansion. The railroads undermine Leo's simple world of credit based on faith. Big business arrives.

This is not Leo's chief defeat. In a land where several racial stocks commingle without real fusion, Leo loses his love. One doubts that his friend who becomes his rival, a lanky Texan, will keep Magdalena's interest for long. To Leo she explains: "I have always loved you, but I have never understood you." Who can understand, in her sense, love?

LIKE any true novel about the Southwest, this one is infused with a mystique of landscape, a vision of some private truth behind the surface reality. Harvey Fergusson is a poet in the way all the best novelists are: he is preoccupied with the intensity and variety of immediate personal experience. So you may say that "The Conquest of Don Pedro" explores life in New Mexico just after the Civil War down to the arrival of the first railroads in Las Vegas and Española and El Paso.

But it is life Fergusson explores, not the newsreel of history. That is why this excellent novel belongs alongside "Death Comes for the Archbishop."



—Jacket design by Herman Giesen, for the book.

". . . the essential loneliness of man."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grasp of Absurdity

"Under the Net," by Iris Murdoch *(Viking Press. 279 pp. $3.50), tells of the search conducted by Jake, inordinately fond of unlucrative reflection, for a spot in this world where he can find such pleasures.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

WHETHER you read it as a picaresque novel in the tradition represented by Joyce Cary's "The Horse's Mouth," as an existentialist novel, or as a satire on Sartre's fiction, indubitably Iris Murdoch's "Under the Net" is an unusually good first novel. The common reader will have fun following Jake Donaghue, sponger and thinker, through a series of adventures with movie dogs, movie queens, hospital nurses, crooks, professors, and film magnates. The uncommon reader will also find "Under the Net" an adventure in ideas, a search for the truth nobody has ever quite fathomed.

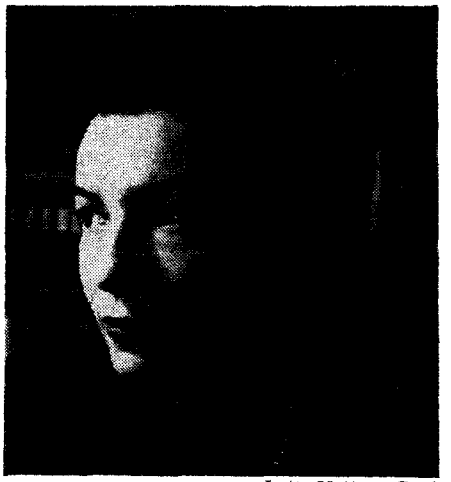
As the novel begins, Jake, who enjoys "dreamy unlucrative reflection . . . more than anything in the world" is turned out of the lodgings he doesn't pay for by the appropriately named Magdalene and has to search for another place where he can loaf and invite his soul. His search leads him to Anna, whom he loves he doesn't know why; to Sadie, who loves him and whom he doesn't; most importantly to Hugo Belfounder, who thinks all "theorizing is flight," that we "must be ruled by the particular situation itself," that truth is "something to which we can never get close enough, however hard we may try, as it were, to crawl under the net." Jake's search also leads him to get drunk and swim in the Thames, to work in a hospital, to outwit a bookie, to refuse a secure income for life, to experience all sorts of existentialist anguish, to become (nearly) a "radical," to end up still exclaiming at "the wonders of the world."

Although Miss Murdoch is the author of "Sartre, Romantic Rationalist" and dedicates her novel to Raymond Queneau, the author of an unorthodox existentialist novel, "The Skin of Dreams," her main intention appears to be to ridicule gently the extremes of Sartreism. As in Sartre's novels, every character chooses much too consciously, too cheerfully accepts responsibility for his completest absurdities. This is not to deny that a serious philosophic *coda* underlies the novel: We "all live in the interstices of one another's lives, and we would all get a surprise if we could see

Iris Murdoch—"satire on Sartre (?)"

everything"; one never gets to know thoroughly another human being; love is attainable only "after one has realized the impossibility of knowledge and renounced the desire for it and finally ceased to feel even the need of it." This is not unlike Sartre's emphasis upon man's aloneness and nescience that nevertheless leave him free consciously to choose his fate.

However one interprets the central intention of "Under the Net" and despite some passages towards the end that read too much like the diary of Miss Murdoch's most recent visit to Paris, the novel maintains a level of rarely mitigated delight. Miss Murdoch writes with a verve that is almost unique in philosophical fiction; her too intelligent characters are more pleasant to encounter, even when they are committing stupidities, than those to whom such conduct seems totally normal. Even though her novel doesn't fall neatly into any accepted category or solve problems so that from now on we won't have to think, it entertains and enlightens as most novels of the summer or any other season will not.



—Lotte Meitner-Graf.

Pamela Frankau—"education of the heart."

Against the Smugs

"A Wreath for the Enemy," by Pamela Frankau *(Harper, 310 pp. $3.50), chronicles the coming-of-age of an English miss named Penelope Wells amid a motley group of denizens of the French Riviera.*

By Pamela Taylor

YOUR FATHER "is bringing you up through the looking-glass, back-to-front," says the Duchess of Terracini to young Penelope Wells. "You are learning what the adult learns, and walking through these lessons toward the lightheartedness that is usually to be found in childhood but later lost." Pamela Frankau's new novel, "A Wreath for the Enemy," is the story of this education, an education of the heart rather than the mind.

Penelope is fourteen as she tells the first section of the novel, spending the holiday from her French convent school at the celebrity-frequented Riviera hotel run in a whimsical and offhand manner by her English, poet father. An innocent, solemn child, whose vocabulary is enormous and whose turn of phrase formal and unlikely, she thoroughly dislikes being referred to constantly by her father's sophisticated friends as a "genius." More than anything she longs to be a conventional English schoolgirl with a correct family background. When just the family she yearns for—good-looking, aggressively athletic—rents the next villa she falls in love with all four members, only to learn her first bitter lesson: that a rigid code such as "The Smugs" (as her father christens them) live by may form the manners but does not inform the heart, may indeed not even generate courage in an emergency.

Two other sections of this novel are recorded by Penelope some years later. They continue to chronicle her lessons in love: that one may love but quite willingly leave, possibly because one also needs to like and to admire; that one may hate and love the same person; that hate is one of the hardest human passions to keep alive. A further part of the story is told by Don Bradley, one of "The Smugs," and still another section by Livesey Raines, the man whom Penelope loves and leaves, who, although much older, has himself some lessons to learn about love, obsession, and the heart.

Miss Frankau never quite resolves the separate parts of "A Wreath for the Enemy" into a single, cohesive whole. (The first section, "The Duch-

(*Continued on page* 26)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under the New Spell

***"Music in the Renaissance," by Gustave Reese** (W. W. Norton. 1022 pp. $15), continues the thorough, scholarly examination of early music its author began thirteen years ago in "Music in the Middle Ages." Here it is reviewed by Philip L. Miller, a member of the staff of the music division of the New York Public Library.*

By Philip L. Miller

FOR some time now it has been clear that the rapidly growing interest in "early music," fostered in great part by modern sound reproduction, has tended to forge uncomfortably ahead of our general knowledge of the subject. The sometimes voluminous, but only too frequently uninformative and inaccurate notes supplied with recordings bear witness to this fact. The comparative inaccessibility of historical and stylistic commentaries, buried as they usually are in obscure monographs and foreign publications, has led to a lack of proper perspective in countless undertakings. The ear has not been given the advantage of an adequate historical background, has not been set in the right direction, with the result that judgments are often made on the basis of our familiarity with the music of more recent periods. Now that we are hearing more and more of the older works, and particularly those of the Renaissance, bridging the gap has become an urgent matter. It is, then, more than gratifying to have Gustave Reese's "Music in the Renaissance" added to the immensely valuable Norton historical series.

Dr. Reese, whose "Music in the Middle Ages" was one of the first of the series, has spent thirteen years producing its sequel. Once again he has given to musical scholarship a work likely to remain standard for many years to come. Indeed, it seems unlikely that any known fact on the author's subject can have escaped his attention and consideration. The 882 pages of text are packed solid with heavily footnoted information; the bibliography consumes another sixty-three pages. The author regrets that he has not found it practical to provide a discography such as he gave in "Music in the Middle Ages," but he hopes to publish such a list separately. As his classes at New York University well know, he has kept abreast of the record companies' voluminous production ever since they first showed interest in his special field.

DR. REESE opens his first chapter with a glance at "The Two Renaissance Periods in Music." "Most of the book," he tells us, "will regard the Early Renaissance as beginning with the opening years of the fifteenth century and the Late Renaissance as extending through the sixteenth century into the early years of the seventeenth, these approximate delimitations being made with some variation from country to country. Moreover, it will look upon the Early and Late Renaissance as distinct style-periods, related and differentiated by about as many similarities and dissimilarities as were afterward to exist between the Classical and Romantic Eras." He proceeds to the "Early Social Background in the Various French Areas"; from there on out music is pretty much on its own. Some idea of the hugeness of this task of compilation may be gained from a glance at the proper names alone in the seventy-five pages of index. They represent roughly two centuries and all the countries of Central and Western Europe. We are apt to forget that the Renaissance was not simply a manifestation of Italian, Spanish, French, British, and Netherlands culture. The great composers of the last-named school, of course, did not stay at home, but spread their influence in France, Germany, and, above all, Italy. If we break this down into many personalities and individual musical styles, then grasp what was going on in Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and the rest, we can only pause in admiration for the man who could organize so vast a subject between two covers.

AS a textbook "Music in the Renaissance" will of course be indispensable, if not all-sufficient. Scholars working in certain departments of the subject may expand and develop their materials beyond what Reese has supplied, but they will find their sources here. And specialists in the related fields of literature—the liturgy, theatre, dance, etc.—will profit endlessly by his researches.

The volume is printed with the dignity and clarity associated with the Norton publications. The illustrations, not numerous, are handsome and well chosen. Perhaps the plentiful musical examples are sometimes uncomfortably small, but this, I suppose, was inevitable. And for a book of this size it was probably necessary to use paper so thin that the type shows through to the other side. These are very minor criticisms of a handsome as well as highly important and essential book.

—Bettmann Archive.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Lip to Licorice

***"The Clarinet," by F. Geoffrey Rendall** (Philosophical Library. 182 pp. $6), is an historical review of the instrument over two centuries, coming down almost to the present. British-born Reginald Kell, our reviewer, is to the clarinet what Jascha Heifetz is to the violin.*

By Reginald Kell

DURING the forty years I lived in England I never met Geoffrey Rendall. I wish now that I had, for he was an amateur clarinet player with an inquisitive mind. He died suddenly in August 1953. His book, "The Clarinet," reflects a man who obviously loved the instrument he was writing about, more as a work of art than as a means to an end. Instruments made in the past, "the beautifully wrought works of the old maker," are much nearer to his heart than the mass-produced product of the modern operative. "The intuition of the old maker, the sixth sense, so necessary to perfect results, endowed the instrument with a soul," he says, showing a certain sentimentality for what has gone. He seemed secure in the past and, being so, had little or no time for the present.

This historical review of clarinet history over more than two centuries takes us a long way from the primitive two-key boxwood pipes made by J. C. Denner (to whom the invention of the clarinet is attributed) to the seventeen-key and six-ring black African wood precision instrument of today. We pass on the way many curious and ingenious designs, and take sentimental glances at some of the virtuosi and giants of the past who traveled so tirelessly the roads of Europe from St. Petersburg to Naples, playing their now forgotten concertos or potpourris to admiring audiences.

This being the only book of its kind written in English, it will prove interesting to the interested, for Mr. Rendall has a very explicit way of writing about his favorite subject. So close was he in spirit, he gives the impression that he was there when the old makers of the eighteenth century were forging sheet-metal flaps to be used as keys, and that he took part in the general celebration when the bore of the clarinet was increased in size by a single millimeter. I think he was happy in the thought that the great works written for the clarinet by Mozart were first performed on the five-keyed instrument of the day. (Personally, I am amazed.)

But don't let me create a wrong impression. Mr. Rendall has done a fine and needed job, and without this personal affiliation with all that has gone before a great deal of detail and interest would be missing from the book.

The whole is very enlightening. I never knew, for instance, that the clarinet family was comprised of twenty-seven different pitched instruments. Quite a number of these are now obsolete, but none has escaped the author's interest and attention. He mentions many clarinetists, past and present, but wisely refrains from discussing their respective merits. He gently picks up the controversial subject of vibrato as applied to clarinet playing, but sets it down with equal care, for diplomacy was another of his attributes.

There is an appendix to the book, which contains a fairly comprehensive list of clarinet music and clarinet makers, that, along with all that has gone before, completes a work that is —to me, at least—very absorbing.

Notes

TRIBUTE TO A CZECH: Appearing on the fiftieth anniversary of Dvorak's death, Otakar Sourek's **"Antonin Dvorak"** (Philosophical Library, $3.75) presents a brief survey of the composer's life and works. The appeal of such music as the "Slavonic Dances," perhaps the most successful of all symphonic adaptations of folk idiom, or the simple nobility and lyricism of the later symphonies and the Cello Concerto are qualities that have not eroded in music's turbulent passage through the last half century.

As a tribute to Dvorak, this book is handicapped by failing to address a specific audience. The serious musicologist will not find thorough musical analysis here. Nor will the general reader be helped toward deeper personal empathy with either the composer or the music by this conscientious but lifeless compilation of biographical facts, opera plots, and musical outlines. Dvorak's personality and the spirit of the times are only sketchily projected. To performing musicians, however, the short descriptions of Dvorak's many less familiar works may suggest rewarding exploration. In any case, the appended catalogue of Dvorak's compositions, listing also dates and artists of the first performances, is a valuable reference source.

Dvorak's ardent Czech nationalism, at a time when the Czechs were politically and culturally suppressed by the Hapsburg monarchy, lost none of its sharpness through his later travels and international recognition. He thought of himself as "a simple Czech musician" and insisted on the Czech spelling of his name. Mr. Sourek apparently shares this intense nationalism, perhaps because his country is again suffering a foreign imposition. Yet, while Dvorak transmuted his national feeling into valid musical expression, Mr. Sourek's single-minded emphasis on Dvorak as a product of Czech folk culture distorts the perspective of the artist as a man. Sometimes it even reaches a point of truculence. Certainly the opposition of Dvorak, along with Brahms and Hanslick, to the Wagnerian trend of the time, his rejection of the then current attempts to express non-musical concepts in music, need not be described as "liberating himself from the stupefying music of the German neo-romanticists. . . ."

What Sourek says of Dvorak's orchestration and harmony seems especially perceptive: "The entire beauty of orchestral sound grows from the music alone, from its ideas, from its fabric, from its sense. Dvorak makes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use of an instrument only when he can provide it with the melodic lines befitting its nature." Elsewhere, however, there is little in or between the lines of this book to carry an evocation of such music. Nothing in its predominantly pale prose suggests Dvorak's Slavic vibrance and melody, or the shadowed beauties of Prague which surrounded him. Perhaps we may charitably attribute part of this failing to an unnamed translator.

—HANS FANTEL.

GOLD-CURTAIN GOSSIP: Helen Noble got her first job with the Metropolitan Opera as a secretary in the technical department, simply by walking up to the stage door and asking. That must have been something over thirty years ago, and she is now on her third administration. Subsequently she moved across the house to become secretary to Edward Ziegler, then Giulio Gatti-Casazza's administrative right arm. On their first day together he offered her the following advice: "Child . . . You know about the three little monkeys? Well, emulate them. Whatever you happen to see, see nothing. Be deaf to what you hear. Say as little as possible. . . . Then we'll get along fine." Somewhere along the way, apparently, native bent tri-

(*Continued on page* 25)

POETRY

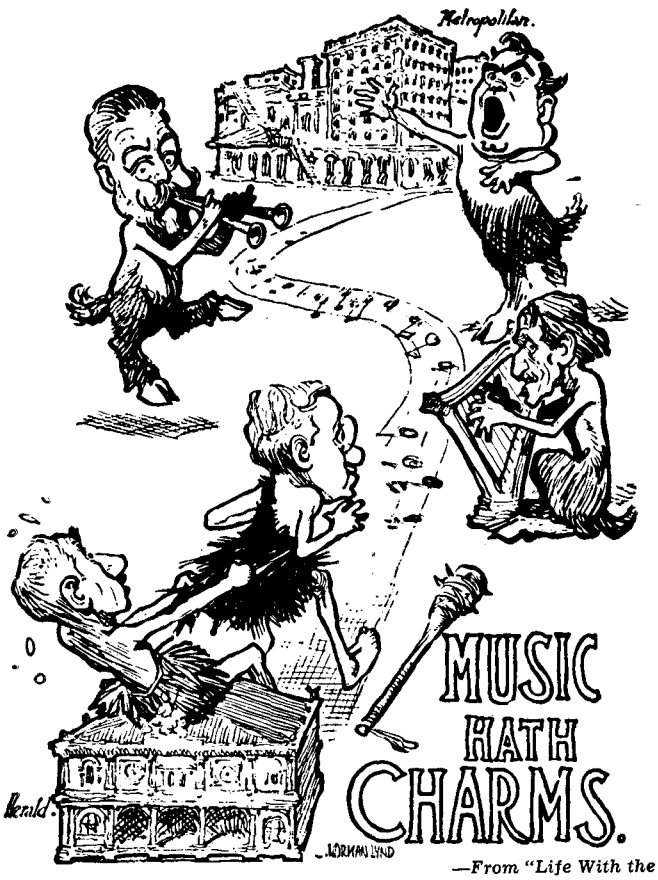
Welsh Winesburg

***"Under Milk Wood," by Dylan Thomas** (New Directions. 107 pp. $3), the late Welsh bard's verse play written especially for radio performance, is now available in book form.*

By I. L. Salomon

THE verse play "Under Milk Wood" is now published in the text established by the literary executors of Dylan Thomas, the magnificent Welsh poet. Subtitled "A Play for Voices," it is a revelatory and inspired radio drama of a spring moonless night come full circle in the lives of the inhabitants in Llareggub, a little Welsh village. It begins with an incantation that holds its spell to the end, but soon enough its dazzling funnybone humor explodes in an earthy folklore intimacy. "Under Milk Wood" is good radio theatre; it interweaves the voices of the dead with those living, and it does for Laugharne, Wales, what Joyce did for Dublin in his night-scene in "Ulysses." It highlights the importance of sex and sex-guilt among the gossips and the non-conformists of the town. Interspersed in the play are lyrics Daniel Jones has set to music, and his subtle voice parts for the songs close the book.

The world of dreams and tortured sleep is made transparent. There is the blind seaman, Captain Cat, dreaming of his drowned mates, who inquire for Mrs. Rosie Probert of "Come on up, boys, I'm dead." There are the lives of Mrs. Ogmore-Pritchard, surnamed for both her husbands, and there is the draper, Mr. Mog Edwards, in the decline of his years writing love notes to Miss Myfanwy Price. There are Organ Morgan and his love for Bach and the preacher-bard, the Reverend Eli Jenkins. There are Dai Bread and his wives, both alive, one gypsy. And Polly Garter, a light o' love with a music-hall ballad for her little Willie Wee. And Gossamer Benyon, an eyeful to look at, prim in her speech when accosted, yet so desirous in her dreams and waking of succumbing to a coarse neighbor. And there are other lives and conflicts until "the thin night darkens . . . and the wind-shaken wood springs awake for the second dark time this one spring day."

"Under Milk Wood" reveals more than the life of Llareggub, the Laugharne of Wales, as a poet saw it. It has a psychological import that concerns the strange genius of Dylan Thomas too. Seldom in the play are the sex symbols phallic. Their emphases lie not so much in dispraise of women, but in the pain the women of Llareggub, and all womankind, inflict upon man. The concept of the play for all its Kafka and Freud is adolescent. The devilish years of adolescence plagued Thomas to the end. How many innocent deaths he endured as a child his poems and prose reveal in part. As in them, so in "Under Milk Wood" there is a sorcery of sound in his voice, bewitching enough to obscure the inmost secrets of his most secret heart. Stigmata upon him, they involved him deeply, and so he wrote this mischievous, bawdy, delightful interlude of extravagant romanticism—and thereby achieved living theatre.

—*From "Life With the Met."*

Menu cover for testimonial dinner to Ziegler when he left the *New York Herald* for the Met. At top (left to right) are Gatti, Caruso, and Billy Guard wooing Ziegler away from James Gordon Bennett of the *Herald*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rhymes of Cathay

"Poems of the Hundred Names," translated by Henry H. Hart *(Stanford University Press. 263 pp. $2.50), offers original translations of 208 great Chinese verses.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

WRITERS and readers of modern poetry, especially those who responded to the American renascence of the first quarter of this century, have long been aware of a particular debt to Chinese poetry. Or to translations of Chinese poetry, however unscholarly—for though it is authoritatively reported that "in sinological circles, Ezra Pound's excursions into Chinese raise no more than a wry smirk," nevertheless Mr. Pound—and Witter Bynner and Amy Lowell, to name two other figures in the "renascence"—all took something from their readings of Chinese poetry to make up their eventual sensibilities. Or from their readings of Arthur Waley, of whom the same authority says, "all contemporary poets must be in his debt" for his work in this field.

Of Dr. Henry H. Hart, translator of the "Poems of the Hundred Names," the non-sinological reviewer can only say: he certainly must know whereof he translates. The bibliography, to cite one small item of evidence, includes two pages of "Chinese and Japanese Works Consulted"—and a more impressive set of ideographs could hardly be conjured up, even by the poet Wang Wei, of whom it is written, "His poems were pictures in words." Furthermore, besides being the author of numerous books in his chosen field, Dr. Hart is known for his lectures on Chinese civilization at the University of California.

So these translations, certainly, can be accepted as genuine distillations of the Orient. As such, they confirm what we have come to learn of the Chinese national character. Here, sustained through many poets and many poems, is the note of passive acceptance. Through the centuries of endless wars which are mirrored in so many verses, lament is common—but "no voice of protest." Despite the presence of poetesses, too, one is often reminded of the subservient position of women—who have traditionally played little part in the shaping of events—any more than they were allowed a part in the shaping of their own constricted feet!

We know, of course, that the "inscrutable, impassive Oriental" is a myth. There's no lack of emotion here, though it's never lush; rather, it tends to be evocative, like a scent, with that fondness for stopping short, "leaving the reader to develop the thought further in his own way," which was assuredly one of the qualities that attracted the Imagists. Also, a closeness to the concrete in nature, a brevity and spareness of metaphor. Yet this spareness of metaphor (as also with the Imagists) is an illusion: in fact, the Chinese ideograph (which can never be truly translated, only represented) "takes the place of metaphor—it is as if, in English, each word could not be perceived and its meaning grasped without a simultaneous perception of its metaphorical origin. In English many words are said to be buried metaphors—in Chinese the metaphors are still alive."

The metaphors are still alive in Chinese: but in English representation they vanish. What remains? Well, enough: the wistfulness of the Blue Willow Pattern; the undismayed consciousness of an indifferent, but graceful nature, reminding us of, say, Wallace Stevens. Indeed, to balance the *carpe diem* spirit of Horace and Herrick, which crops up rather unexpectedly from time to time, there is more usually the decadent tone of Verlaine, its pathos and melancholy; and surely "we do not blossom for old men" (from "Peonies," by a poet of the T'ang Dynasty) has the Prufrockian quality, though it precedes by some thousand years Mr. Eliot's "I have heard the mermaids singing each to each/I do not think that they will sing to me."

The virtues of these poems, finally, are absolute, as well as relative. And perhaps, as East and West move closer together through the turbulent years of our century, toward a peace which now seems well-nigh unattainable—perhaps then, we shall be able to savor with greater surety the happier aspects of our common humanity here displayed—love, work, nature, music. Until that time, there is ironic aptness in the presence of so many poems of heartbreak: wives weeping for their loved ones away at the wars; husbands far away from home, on sentry-go in a strange land, longing for their wives.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Hugh Latimer, executed 1555. 2. Anne Boleyn, 1536. 3. Charlotte Corday, 1793. 4. Madame Rolland, 1793. 5. Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya, 1941. 6. Emperor Maximilian, 1867. 7. Richard Rumbold, 1685. 8. Madame Elisabeth (Madame Royal), 1794. 9. Lady Jane Grey, 1554. 10. Georges Danton, 1794.

Notes

GROUND BREAKER: E. E. Cummings, whose "1 x 1" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75) is a recent publication, was once dubbed the most wildly daring of our experimentalists; he is now known to be one of the most successful breakers of new ground. But the ground is all his own, for those who try to walk in his footsteps and ape his tricks only make fools of themselves. His merit lies not in typographical tricks, but in a talent that sometimes tempts us to fall back on the word "genius" when we write of him. I have always believed—the belief is unsupported by any knowledge of facts—that the failure of the original edition of "The Enormous Room" to sell more than 850 copies drove Cummings in upon himself and led him to write verse that is more eccentric, more private than the verse he might otherwise have written. He must have known that he had created a remarkable, perhaps even a great, book. And the public had no use for it—while they lapped up his friend Dos Passos's inferior "Three Soldiers." So, my theory goes, he turned in upon himself and said to the public: "Follow me if you can." Like our nuclear physicists, Cummings employs fission and fusion; he breaks the familiar down into unfamiliar fractions and he fuses elements of experience that have not met before. Grammar obeys his commands like a willing contortionist, with results that are sometimes amusing and often brilliant. At his best his verse combines an airy lightness with tensile strength; he often seems to be saying more than can be reduced to rational explication. In some of his moods he is a haunting lyricist. In other moods he is a mordant critic of our society ("a salesman is an it that thinks to please"). And he is almost always a poet. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRECISE IMAGES: Louise Bogan's first book—"Body of this Death" (1923)—revealed a poet who was already mature. During the thirty-one years that have passed since then—as is evident in her **"Collected Poems, 1923-1953"** (Noonday Press, $3)—she has practised her art gravely and discreetly, with controlled passion and steady devotion. She is mistress of precise images, and commands an extensive range of poetic accents and prosodic effects; she is also a musician, whose notes are as crystalline as those of

(*Continued on page* 26)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men After Mohammed

***"Moslems on the March," by F. W. Fernau** (translated by E. W. Dickes. Alfred A. Knopf. 312 pp. $5), is a survey of the political and cultural heritage and aspirations of the people who dominate the area from North Africa to India. Below it is reviewed by Richard N. Frye, associate professor of Middle Eastern Studies (Iranian) at Harvard and head of the University's Middle East research and training program.*

By Richard N. Frye

BEFORE World War II a book on the Middle East published in this country was a rarity; but after the discovery of the Old World by the Americans there was a diarrhea of words about our foreign policy in Asia. Unfortunately, or rather one should say impatiently, we are still being told about the background for our new relations with North Africa, South Asia, and the Middle East. F. W. Fernau's "Moslems on the March" is a good background work.

Even in our institutions of higher learning we have only begun to appreciate the complexity of culture and history of areas such as the Middle East. If we really want to understand that section of the world we will have to devote much more time, training, and resources to the special problems of some 200 million inhabitants of the variegated Moslem world. We must advance beyond the briefing stage.

Mr. Fernau, a German student of the modern Middle East, writes of the Moslems as one might have spoken of the "Christian world" several centuries ago. It is difficult to concur fully with him when he speaks of Africans, Indonesians, and Tatars of the Soviet Union in one breath, as all Moslems with common ideals and aspirations. Yet it would seem there is more of a common feeling among them than we have in the West. The Moslems outside of the Middle Eastern core land perhaps stand in the same relation to those in the core, as Russians do to Western (Christian) civilization.

It is one of Mr. Fernau's theses that the Moslems are now undergoing bourgeois social revolutions comparable to the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 in Western Europe. The present unrest in the area he attributes to three factors: nationalism, the renaissance of Islam, and a demand for change in social conditions. Let us further examine these points.

Ibn Khaldun, who has been characterized as the first sociologist, wrote of the "irrational solidarity feeling" which held the Moslems together in the Middle Ages. This was not based on race, language, or national feeling, but on a common culture and way of life engendered by a common religion. When the French Revolution started nationalism in Europe it was not without effect on the Middle East. After all, the soldiers of Napoleon promulgated ideas of *liberté, egalité,* and *fraternité* in Egypt, though there was little visible reaction from the population of Egypt. The idea of *la patrie,* however, did take root in the age-old land. In Turkey, on the other hand, the Central European concept of nationalism—*das Volk*—came on a wave from the Balkans, where in the nineteenth century the Rumanians discovered they spoke a Latin tongue, the Bulgarians recovered their glorious past, and finally the Turks began to speak of Turkish blood and race. In the Middle East these two nationalisms mixed with the traditional Islamic beliefs, and with a new movement to bring the traditional beliefs into harmony with the modern world in a renaissance.

—*Scott Long,* Minneapolis Morning Tribune.
"A-Huggin' and A-Chalkin'."

The industrial revolution followed nationalism, and the Moslems are now trying to meet the challenge of the machine age. It is the impact of the machine rather than the impact of the West which should be stressed. Today the peoples of the Middle East are backward because they have so few machines, for machines have become the test of civilization. Can Islam, and all that it implies, survive in the Atomic Age? Perhaps it can, for the peoples of the Middle East are very conscious of history, and they may be able to learn from the errors of the West. Repudiation of their past by the Russian Communists has not been without effect on the Moslems. And there is the example of Turkey, for the present return to religion is not a blow against the remarkable democracy achieved there. Rather it is a realization that there must be a religious sanction behind law, government, and society if democracy is really to work. For everyone is committed to democracy; even the Communists pay lip service to it. But a difference between the free world, which includes the Middle East, and Communist society is just this—a religious basis of state and society.

THE demand for a change is widespread throughout Asia, and social and economic change will come there as elsewhere. The feudal landlords will go; this is the inexorable trend of history. The strong religious basis of Islamic society, however, must continue throughout the change; only thus can the Moslems really master the machine. In their change the Moslems need not fear the West; we can and should be partners, with understanding and appreciation of our respective cultures. If Soviet Communism is inimical to the basic beliefs of the Judeo-Christian civilization to which we in the West belong, then it is also the enemy of Islam.

We should communicate this idea to the Moslems, for if we continue our pragmatic, anti-ideological approach to Asian problems, which is to increase manpower or money in the face of an obstacle, then we shall fail. I suggest we must renew faith in ourselves and our beliefs before we speak to others, and when we speak it should be from the heart, not from the pocketbook.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Israel Office of Information

Roads for Zion—"an inevitability, considering the historic plight of the Jews."

Homeland of the Survival

"What Price Israel," by Alfred Lilienthal *(Henry Regnery. 274 pp. $3.95), states the case against Zionism and points out the dilemmas that the creation of the State of Israel has created for U. S. foreign policy. Erwin D. Canham, who reviews it here, is the editor of* The Christian Science Monitor.

By Erwin D. Canham

UNDER THE title of "What Price Israel," Alfred Lilienthal presents the argument against Zionism. It is an important book, and its argument must be taken seriously. Mr. Lilienthal begins by pointing out the old considerations against a Jewish national state which were influential with many Jewish leaders throughout the world up to the last decade or two. He quotes Brandeis, Einstein, Henry Morgenthau, Sr., and many others who expressed their serious doubts. And he records the way in which Jewish leaders and people throughout the world were led by history, by humanitarianism, by pressures and convictions of various sorts, to support the irresistible drive which produced the State of Israel.

Whether or not it was a grave mistake to partition Palestine is now strictly a postmortem question. The deed is done and will not be undone. The real importance of Mr. Lilienthal's book points forward. It lies in the question he asks about claims of dual citizenship for Jews throughout the world, about the chances for coexistence between Israel and its Arab neighbors, and perhaps above all in this question: "Can Judaism survive as a religious force, divorced from Israel, proving that the nation-concept was merely a historic means of keeping a spiritual faith alive? Or will Judaism, having served its purpose as the handmaiden of nationalism, now have to fade away?"

Personally, I have no doubt of the strong survival of Judaism. But I found Mr. Lilienthal's discussion of the interaction of religion and nationalism intensely thought-provoking. He asks how much of Judaism as a religion is political and social cohesion (or clannishness) and how much is spiritual conviction. He says: "The need for spiritual revival of Judaism was never greater. By returning to active proselytizing and competing with other religions for the inner convictions of man, the American rabbinate could offer concrete evidence that a vibrant Judaistic faith yet exists."

And he also says: "In this one sense the establishment of the State of Israel may yet prove to have been a providential blessing: now that those Jews who crave their separate nationhood can go to Israel, the last reason has been removed for the pernicious Jewish duality outside the Holy Land. Now each American Jew has been given a free choice to be either an American of Jewish faith, or a nationalist Israeli in his own Middle East State . . ."

MR. LILIENTHAL believes that Israel should cease to be the Jewish and should become the Israeli state. He says that to be normal the state of Israel "must solemnly withdraw all claims to the fealty of anybody but its own citizens."

To most Americans the assertions of worldwide Jewish allegiance to Israel which have come from its political leaders certainly raise serious political problems and contradictions. We can understand the deep and special ties which may well bind any Jew, wherever he is, to the State of Israel. But can these be political ties? Can they have the faintest aspect of nationalism or allegiance as such about them? And can there be a spiritual or religious loyalty to a foreign state—or indeed to any state at all? Does not the American principle of separation of church and state enter the problem fundamentally here?

I do not personally share Mr. Lilienthal's anger at Zionism, or even deplore as he does the creation of the State of Israel. I believe it had become an inevitability, considering the historic plight of the Jews, the migration from Europe, and the weakness of the Arab world. But I feel his argument deserves serious respect as it concerns dual citizenship and the demands Zionism makes.

Moreover, looking ahead, it is hard to see any reconciliation between Israel and its Arab neighbors unless the Arab refugees at long last are cared for with full Israeli cooperation, unless Jerusalem is internationalized in accordance with U.N. decisions, unless there is economic cooperation, and unless the Israeli attitude becomes much more ready to support cooperation and adjustment. This is not to say that the Arab states have been faultless. For, to the contrary, their attitude on many issues is as archaic and indefensible as possible. But that is another story.

Meantime, American public opinion—and, above all, the thinking of American Jews—should turn toward healthy self-analysis and constructive reappraisal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor, NORMAN COUSINS
Chairman, Editorial Board, HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
Chairman, Board of Directors, E. DEGOLYER
Associate Editors, AMY LOVEMAN, HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN
Assistant Editor, ELOISE PERRY HAZARD Editorial Assistant, PETER RITNER
Book Review Editor, RAYMOND WALTERS, JR. Feature Editor, ROLAND GELATT
Contributing Editors, JOHN MASON BROWN, BENNETT CERF, MARY GOULD DAVIS, HENRY HEWES, JAMES THRALL SOBY, HORACE SUTTON, JOHN T. WINTERICH

Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON
Contents Copyrighted, 1954, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Six Easy Ways of Losing to Communism

THERE is a much easier and cheaper way to lose to world Communism than by military defeat. We need not spend sky-high sums for hydrogen, plutonium, and uranium continent-smashers, nor need we strip our resources or expend our manpower. All we have to do is to concentrate so hard on what we hate that we forget what we are trying to protect. In fact, there are six simple ways to get us quickly to where we say we don't want to go:

1. *We can all act like third-rate political party hacks.* We can kick each other's shins in the cause of partisan advantage until no one will be left standing. We can take the position that it is more important to cripple our political opponent before the next election than it is to safeguard the system by which free elections are possible. We can proclaim the fact that if a man belongs to the opposite party he is a self-confessed traitor to his country.

2. *We can be cowards.* We can flee from the things we believe in because we fear that someone may attack us unfairly if we put our beliefs to work. If knaves arrogate to themselves the definition of what constitutes patriotism, we can become their parrots. If the Communists talk peace, we can prove our patriotism by calling for war. If Communism identifies itself with freedom and social justice, we can denounce their objectives instead of the phoniness of their claims. We can bow abjectly before the long finger wandering accusingly at random, lest it come to rest upon us. We can proceed on the assumption that the long finger is unerring and that all the courts and legal processes so laboriously established to prevent abuse and injustice are either innocuous or superfluous. We can make private distemper sovereign, more fearful of the penalty of appearing to stand in its way than of the loss of those institutions which alone can deal with costly distempers, private or public.

3. *We can keep good people out of Government.* Our young people can be convinced that those of them who are foolish enough to go into Government service can expect low income and high abuse. We can go far beyond the legitimate requirements of loyalty to Government, we can leap far out in front of the valid safeguards against subversion, and we can create a no-man's land called "security risk." In such a land, literally, no man is safe for even if his own actions have been sound he can be judged by the actions and characteristics of those he may have known. Thus, at our military research centers we have already lost the services of a large number of scientists and research specialists, who are not accused of being subversives and who have not sought shelter under the Fifth Amendment, but who have had to answer for the unproved actions or associations of acquaintances, some of them long since forgotten. These scientists and research specialists have not yet been adequately replaced. Meanwhile, a loyalty review board, acting under the laws, has barred one of the nation's leading scientists, from the nation's "secrets," adding that if members of the board had been able to exercise their own mature and responsible judgment, they would have decided otherwise. The country seems to have forgotten that it is not the knowledge that is given by the Government to the scientists that will determine our strength, but the knowledge that scientists give to the Government. One of the charges made public is that the scientist had had an illicit relationship with a woman. Nothing is said about the fact that such a disclosure before the public gaze may itself be illicit and immoral. If an impeccable private life is the new yardstick, who will be left to apply it?

4. *We can cut ourselves off from the majority of the world's peoples.* We can show so little knowledge of the broad movements of history and so little awareness of what the real issues are in the rest of the world that nothing that we say to other people will seem sensible or relevant. We can chatter unceasingly about what we want others to do without taking the trouble to find out what their own histories and culture make it natural for them to want to do. We can convince other peoples that we do not know what we are doing; in particular, that we do not know everything we should know about the big bomb we are setting off, thus creating doubts about our ability to equate power with responsibility.

5. *We can continue to run a weak second to Soviet propaganda activities in many parts of the world.* We can continue to reduce our appropriations for our information and library and radio services to the point where Communist propaganda has a clear field. We can continue to dismantle our mobile moving-picture units which were doing a good job of giving a rounded picture about the American people. In short, we can continue to fulminate against Communism in the United States Congress, but clam up when it comes to doing anything specific against Communism in the battle of communications and ideas.

6. *We can make anti-intellectualism the national pastime.* We can take the position that anyone who believes in books or who is interested in serious books is a dangerous fellow. We can create a new ideal for our young people—the ideal of the man who knows too much to read, who has too much inside information to have to think, who is so filled with empty slogans and guesses that he does not have to understand real problems. We can ridicule the professor, lampoon the artist, and despise the poet. In short, we can try to immunize ourselves against ideas at a time when ideas will determine the future. —N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ADMIRAL McCULLOM AND PEARL HARBOR

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE that Admiral McCullom is the author of *SR*'s review of "The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor" [*SR* May 29].

McCullom in 1941 was stationed in Washington as head of Far Eastern Section, Naval Intelligence. We had broken the Japanese codes and were day by day decoding and translating all their diplomatic messages. McCullom was one of seven on the Navy Department Distribution list who received a copy of every message. Short and Kimmel in Hawaii had no decoding machine and Washington sent them no copy or digest of messages.

At the time of Pearl Harbor McCullom was in a position to know and did know how inadequate and misleading was the information available or made available to Short and Kimmel and did his best to supplement and correct what they were receiving.

On December 1, 1941, he prepared a memorandum digest of the Japanese situation which he considered should be sent the Naval Command in Hawaii. This was discussed by Admiral Stark, his principal advisers, and Commander McCullom himself. Admiral Stark decided not to send it.

On December 4 McCullom tried again. This time he drafted a proposed dispatch summarizing the United States-Japanese situation for transmission to the Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet, which contained the phrase "War between Japan and the United States is imminent."

Admiral Turner showed him the "war warning" dispatch of November 27, upon which so much reliance was placed in the review, and asked whether he still thought his message was necessary. McCullom said he did, but the message was never sent.

If his advice had been followed and the information he wished sent had been sent and had been supplemented by a day-to-day report of later developments, the raid on Pearl Harbor would not have been a surprise and might never have occurred.

Why this officer who made these honorable and intelligent efforts to save our fleet should not refer to them in a review of Admiral Theobald's book is as inexplicable as his failure to mention the strange events and omissions of December 6 and December 7.

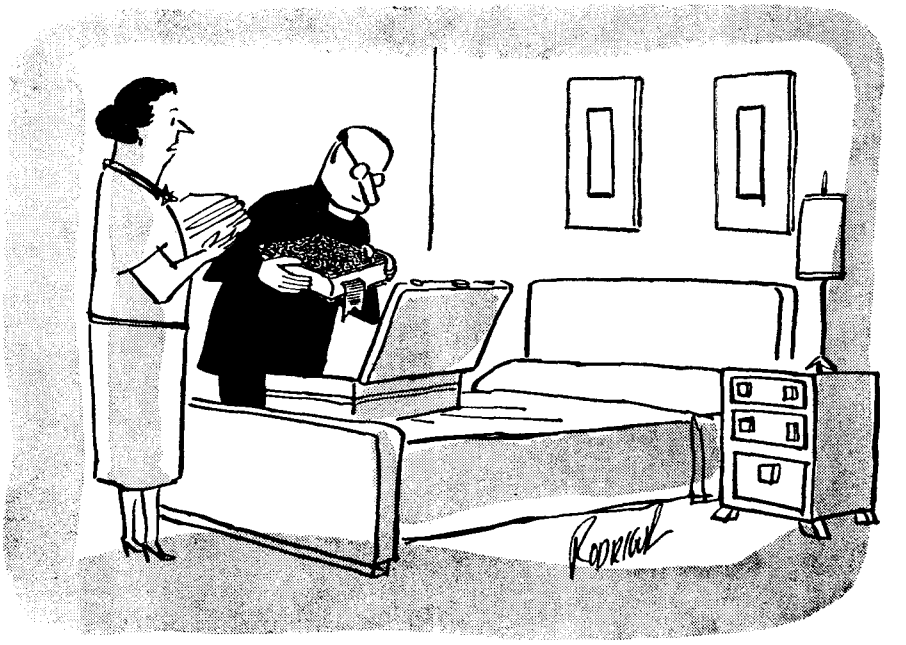
It would be easy to answer the arguments made in the review but too long for a letter. The book itself is the best answer.

ROBERT H. MONTGOMERY.

Boston, Mass.

A REPLY FROM THE ADMIRAL

IT IS QUITE evident that Mr. Montgomery disagrees with my review of Admiral Theobald's book, but his reasons for so doing are, as he intimates, probably too many for detailing in a letter. In any event, he does not state them. He limits himself to expressing surprise that one such as myself, who tried repeatedly to get more information (or at least an expression of his views) to our Pacific commanders and failed, could have written such a review.



"Oh, dear, you're not planning to work on your vacation . . . ?"

Mr. Montgomery has been most kind in summarizing my efforts (as they appear in the record of the Joint Congressional Committee investigating Pearl Harbor) to get more information and considered opinion before our Pacific commanders, including Admiral Kimmel. It has always been my view that Intelligence should err, if err it must, on the side of giving too much rather than too little information. I have also felt that it is the function of Naval Intelligence at whatever level to give to the commanders concerned its considered opinion of what the enemy may do or may not do as developed from the best information at hand. The command in Washington, quite obviously, did not agree with my views. I may add that this was not particularly novel either before or after Pearl Harbor and later on. I have often felt that the extremes of secrecy imposed on the use of "Magic" as well as certain other intelligence, before, during, and after Pearl Harbor, often tended to make this valuable information useless in practice.

To get back to the point, however, it seems to me to be the function of the reviewer of a book to:

(a) State as briefly as may be consistent with clarity and fairness, the principal theme of the book.

(b) Express an opinion as to how well or how poorly the author has developed or supported his theme.

(c) In the light of (a) and (b) above, and in a work of this nature, take one or two major arguments of the book and subject them to critical appraisal.

I believe that in my review I stated the theme of Admiral Theobald's book accurately and fairly. More briefly restated it was:

(a) The President of the United States deliberately goaded Japan into war as a means of insuring United States entry into the European war on the side of the British.

(b) To this end he had the active or tacit connivance of the highest officials, both civil and military, in the Government and in the remoter Pacific commands.

(c) The Hawaiian commanders were deliberately tricked into error leading to catastrophe, by calculated denial of information in order that by their sacrifice the American people might be adequately aroused.

I find the evidence set forth in the book in support of these theses unconvincing when considered in the light of all the facts developed by the several Pearl Harbor investigating bodies and in the light of our historical position, right or wrong, in the international politics of the Pacific basin. It seems to me that reasonable appraisal of the developed facts, as well as an appraisal of the character of the men themselves, does not warrant any such charge as that Roosevelt, Hull, Stimson, Knox, Stark, Marshall, Hart, MacArthur, and others wilfully connived at the de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struction of our principal combat force in the Pacific. While I, personally, would like to believe that our Hawaiian commanders might have done differently if they had been given additional information, I suggest that, except in the crystal-clear light of hindsight, what they might or might not have done remains in the realm of conjecture. The developed facts seem to indicate that, despite the very considerable information that they did have, they did not take a tactical posture for adequate reconnaissance and defense.

It was not my purpose to analyze or discuss the Pearl Harbor affair in detail, but only to review Admiral Theobald's book fairly and objectively. This, I believe, I have done. His argument depends very largely for support on his own deductions from data carefully selected by him for the purpose—as he quite candidly admits—of proving a predetermined conclusion. The book can, therefore, offer little of appeal or value to the serious student in search of objective analysis.

A. H. McCollum.

Arlington, Va.

PRO VERNE

I enjoyed George Kent's article on Jules Verne [*SR* June 5]. To me, Verne's "The Mysterious Island" is the best story ever written. It has been over fifty-nine years since I first read it in three "paperbacks," and I have reread it about every two years since.

Why are not Verne's works republished in a popular form? There was one book, "Search for the Castaways," I believe, which I read once and have never been able to find since.

Harry E. Bruey.

Canton, O.

THE CHESSMAN CASE

This reasonably well-informed citizen of California wishes to put you right with respect to Wenzell Brown's review of "Cell 2455, Death Row," by Caryl Chessman, appearing in *SR* May 22.

I thought it was the function of book reviewers to give their views on the quality of books—what's in them, how they stack up for reading, whether they're well written—in short, to give the person who's in the market for books an idea as to whether a particular book is one he wants to read.

But in Mr. Brown's case we do not have that informative treatment. Quite the contrary, for the first thing the reviewer does is to give us a selection from the book itself, a selection in which Chessman introduces himself as one who, in effect, was "casually condemned to death" and who has had "a tantalizingly slim chance of survival in the courts or with the governor." The rest of the reviewer's 500 words consist of the dogmatic and entirely uninformed opinion that Chessman was unjustly convicted of the charge which took him to Death Row in San Quentin Prison.

Now, the truth is, Mr. Brown doesn't know anything about this case. It is not at all debatable as to whether Chessman is guilty. He had every opportunity to prove his innocence. All the State's facilities, including Public Defender, were made available to him. A jury of men and women, after a long and unusually detailed trial, found him guilty of the most heinous possible violation of "The Little Lindbergh Law," which automatically carries the death penalty. He was identified beyond the shadow of a doubt as the attacker of a beautiful innocent girl of seventeen.

Chessman's case was carried to the Supreme Court of California, which unhesitatingly affirmed the lower court's judgment. The United States Supreme Court refused to intervene for lack of showing of any neglect of his rights. The action which stayed execution on application for habeas corpus was taken by a judge unfamiliar with the case. In no respect has the substance of the case against Chessman been challenged. The point raised in the latest move is entirely technical.

Mr. Brown says "The Little Lindbergh Law" is "controversial." Of course it is controversial. Chessman controverts it. So do a number of anti-capital-punishment urgers. It is evidently opposed and certainly financed by those who would like to see more books from the author of "Cell 2455." But there is no controversy among the great body of citizens of California, including the courts, the bar, members of the State Legislature, all of whom agree with Gov. Goodwin Knight, who, in turning down Chessman's petition for a stay of execution, correctly and appropriately observed: "The law is the same for all; it makes no exceptions of writers."

J. A. G.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

CLARIFICATION STILL NEEDED

The printing of the above letter is of considerable importance because it epitomizes the forces at work to execute Caryl Chessman.

The records of the case are voluminous and contain much conflicting material. Yet, because I have expressed a doubt concerning the accuracy of the court's findings, J. A. G. unhesitatingly labels my reluctance to condemn without full knowledge as "dogmatic."

Accusation or counter-accusation should be carefully documented, especially when a man's life is at stake. There is not room for such documentation in your columns. However, one fact is of considerable importance: The description of the "Red Light Bandit" circulated by the police prior to Chessman's arrest described him as being about 5'6" —weighing about 140 to 170 pounds and speaking with an Italian accent. Chessman is 6 feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, and is of American stock. I understand that he was not identified by his victims in a line-up.

J. A. G. blithely impugns my personal integrity as well as those of all others who desire that the facts of the Chessman case should be known and accuses us of financial profit. To my personal knowledge, many eminent men, including such writers as Stuart Palmer, Negley Teeters, Lawrence Blochman, Charles Francis Porter, Harry Elmer Barnes, and John Barkham have appealed to Governor Knight on Chessman's behalf. Can J. A. G.'s sweeping indictment of the motives of such men be taken seriously?

The background of the Chessman case needs a great deal of clarification. A new trial might bring many facts to light. Tremendous political pressures are being brought to bear to silence the case once and for all.

At least one can ask: Why?

Wenzell Brown.

New York, N. Y.

TO CONNIVE WITH

The American people, misled by some newspaper or other, have forgotten the meaning of the word *connive* and at the same time have become unprecedentedly determined to use the word. They make a person connive with a person, whereas the only thing he can do in proper English is to connive *at* (never *with*) an action (never a person). Latest case of the misuse: *SR* May 29.

The dictionary certifies that Walter Scott and Mrs. Browning led the way to this misuse, but surely only by the most sporadic of slips, not by habitual vice. The rule of thumb is that *connive* can never be followed by *with*. The rule of brain is that *connive* does not have a meaning that comes anywhere near to "conspire" or "underhandedly cooperate" but an altogether different and useful meaning.

Steven T. Byington.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

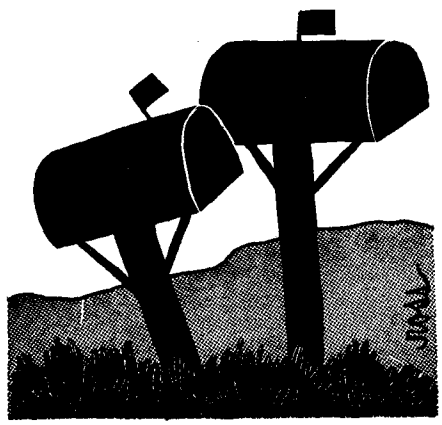
FRESH TOMBSTONES

Bennett Cerf speaks of "H. W. Wilson's 'American Authors' (which needs bringing up to date)" [Trade Winds, *SR* June 5]. With fresh tombstones? The full title is "American Authors 1600-1900"; not a man (or woman) of them is now alive.

"Twentieth Century Authors" (latest revision, 1950) is probably the work which Mr. Cerf had in mind. I understand that the H. W. Wilson Company has a supplement in preparation now.

Earle F. Walbridge.

New York, N. Y.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

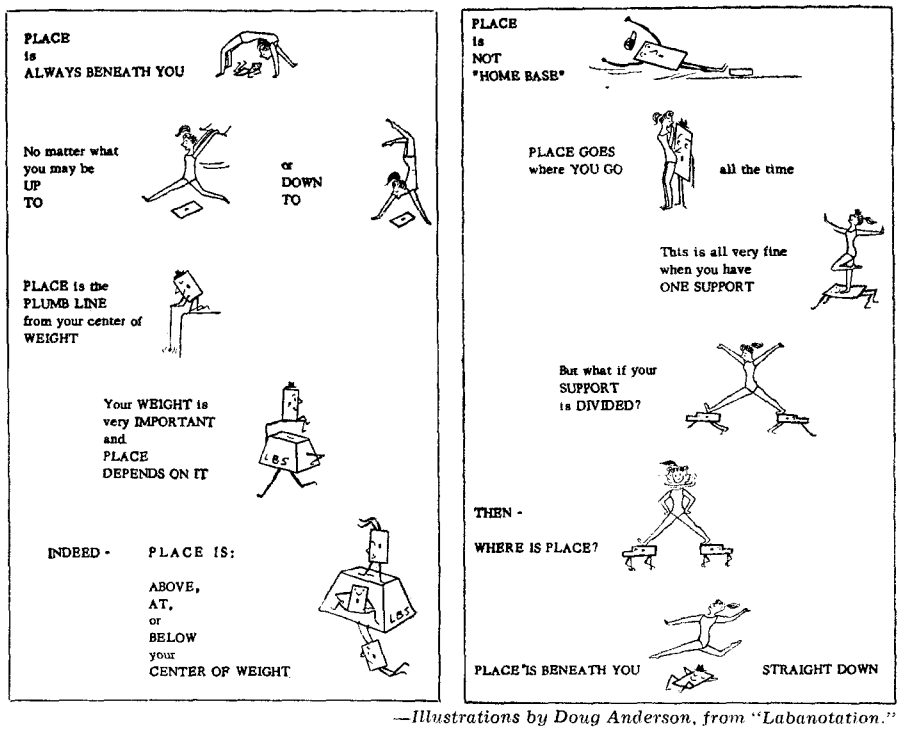
Music and the Dance

Continued from page 18

umphed over strict compliance with advice, for Mrs. Noble's **"Life With the Met"** (Putnam, $3.50) gives plenty of evidence that she saw a great deal, heard a great deal, remembered, and is certainly not backward about telling. All told, it is quite a document. In essential tone it is a good-natured book—full of anecdote, gossip, opinion, conjecture, first names, nicknames, camaraderie, and affection for the Metropolitan itself, for co-workers, for admired singers, and, above all, for the memory of Mr. Ziegler ("my Boss"). In fact, its closest literary likeness would be the class yearbook of a small-town high school—provided the teachers in charge were singularly lax about eliminating indiscretions. The surface effect is one of harmless, gee-whiz garrulity.

A good many stories get told in print for the first time, and a good deal of interest can be deduced about the inner machinery of past Metropolitan administrations. Most of the personal judgments passed are warm, open, and favorable. Some artistic judgments are so sympathetic as to seem merely simple and embarrassing. And when sympathy and admiration for Marion Talley lead to the perfectly clear imputation that the late W. J. Henderson ruined her career out of spite—because she would not study with Marcella Sembrich—the line between partisan gossip and libel begins to draw very thin. But most of Mrs. Noble's book is as harmless as it is entertaining. —JAMES HINTON, JR.

MUSICAL BAEDEKER: The idea that people who listen to music, or who are about to listen to music, should be given something to read dates back to the middle of the eighteenth century. Although the premise may be debated, its consequences can hardly be ignored. Today virtually all orchestras of major pretensions, not to mention record companies, keep (if that is the proper word) annotators charged with the task of furnishing listeners with background information about composers and their music. Needless to say, the results are, and always have been, extremely variable in quality, yet within the past twenty-five years a great many such program-note essays have been collected into volumes designed and sold as Baedekers to the standard orchestral repertoire. Those chosen have by no means been invariably either the best-written or most authoritative of their kind. However, since the repertoire with which they deal has, for better or worse, remained fairly stable, and since the relevant facts about it have not multiplied significantly, the burden rests on any new book treating standard composers and standard works to prove its claim to be bought. **"Masters of the Orchestra"** (Putnam, $6) has a strong case, I think, but not one based on inclusiveness, ease of reference, or even consistency of quality. The defining, and sole, distinction of the book lies in the fact that nine of its fourteen divisions preserve and make readily accessible essays whose matter and manner reflect the breadth, humanism, and scrupulously precise statement characteristic of the scholarship of the late Herbert F. Peyser. He was not a book-writer; he regarded himself, rather, as a working critic. His essays in this volume—on Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz (the finest, perhaps, of the lot), and Strauss—were, like the others, written for distribution in pamphlets. In them the essential personality of each composer is captured, possessed, communicated in terms of the objective facts of his life and his music. The style is formal, the literary conventions those of a time not quite today, but few men ever have written so well and meaningfully about music and musicians. The other essays in the volume are by Louis Biancolli, who, as entrepreneur, is listed as co-author (Tchaikovsky and Prokofiev); the late Pitts Sanborn (Beethoven and Brahms); and Robert Bagar (Wagner). —J. H., JR.



—Illustrations by Doug Anderson, from "Labanotation."

WRITING DOWN BALLET: Until now there has never been a universally accepted system for dance notation. Ballet revivals have been constructed from pictures and the memory of a dancer who happened to be in a production of the work perhaps a generation before.

Labanotation is the result of twenty-five years of work by many teachers both here and abroad. It is based on Rudolf Laban's dance notation system. Laban, who is still alive, was an influential teacher who did much to establish the modern dance in Europe. In 1928 he published a system of dance notation. It is primarily through the efforts of Ann Hutchinson, president of the Dance Notation Bureau, with the assistance of Selma Jeanne Cohen, that **"Labanotation"** (New Directions, $3.50), the first comprehensive text in English based on Laban's system, has been made available.

Labanotation works. Its value and accuracy have been demonstrated. There is little doubt but that in time all reputable dance schools, modern or ballet, will include Labanotation as an integral part of the curriculum. Balanchine, who along with other contemporary choreographers has had some works set down in this system, has supplied the preface to the text, and the introduction is by the original creator of the system, Rudolf Laban. —ROSALYN KROKOVER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poetry

Continued from page 19

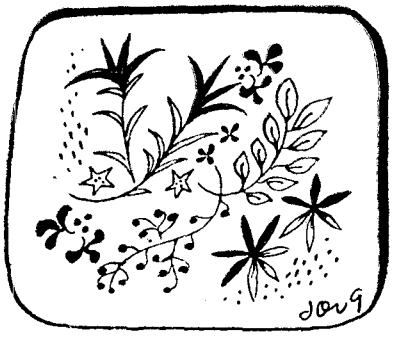
Chopin's Preludes. More than this, one cannot read far in her pages without realizing that at the core of her poetry is mind-stuff which it is fashionable to call metaphysical.

—B. R. R.

FOR HEIGHT-LOVING READERS: Leonie Adams is a poet whose reputation is assured, for the present at least; but I must confess that I often fail her as a reader. Louis Untermeyer has declared: "It is a rarified atmosphere which Miss Adams breathes and only a height-loving reader can venture with her into that fine air." I should not like to think that I cannot breathe upon the heights; and there are, indeed, poems in her volume **"Poems: A Selection"** (Funk & Wagnalls, $3) that stir and satisfy me. But in many other poems her evenness of tone verges, for me, upon monotony; her ideas and images melt into one another without leaving traces in my memory, and the effect of her lines is gently soporific.

—B. R. R.

BRILLIANT MELANCHOLY: When Randall Jarrell appeared upon the scene some fifteen years ago, his talent was apparent, but his conviction that he knew what poetry should and should not be threatened to trip him and drop



him into the oblivion which has swallowed so many of our promising young poets. His new volume of verse, **"Losses"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3), however, proves that the threat was an imaginary one. Here is no longer a brash young man repeating, as a child does, sounds which have significance without meaning. Here is a mature and balanced poet with a pitch, a tempo, and an idiom almost entirely his own.

The poems in Mr. Jarrell's volume are packed with a kind of brilliant melancholy, a genial atrabiliousness which provides an excellent setting for the grave dignity and compassionate exuberance of his thought. Here the poetry is not a plume worn to distinguish its creator from the common man. It is rather the grammar of his reason, built up out of his understanding of man and his study of man's works. That the poet is deeply concerned with death is not strange. A sensitive man of letters cannot go through the casual abattoir of war without some consideration of the antagonism of death and life, life's lust for death and death's for life. Mr. Jarrell does more than merely look at death and murmur some lyrical equivalent of "What's the use?" He looks at life, because of death, with a calm and understanding pity and an appealing humility. "In the Ward: The Sacred Wood" is a remarkable and moving poem and one which, unlike many poems written today, is worth remembering and thinking about. Yet perhaps it is unwise to pick out for comment from some thirty lyrics one which happens to illustrate Mr. Jarrell's remarkable ability to combine sharp and subtle imagery with the emotion generated by deep thought. Nearly all of the poems in this book, in their own way, do the same thing. Whether or not the late war is responsible for the extraordinary development in Randall Jarrell's work, the development is there and promises to continue. A poet can do no better service for mankind than look honestly at such a thing as war and come away from it uttering a gravely piteous love for that in man which death and war can touch but cannot destroy. This is what Mr. Jarrell seems to have done. —Raymond Holden.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 576

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 576 will be found in the next issue.

KGZ BIZCTCSKSZTT AY CS

XFZC XT SA ZLXFZSEZ YAJ

XKT KJOKG, SAJ LXEZ

LZJTC.—H. D. T. GCIFCSZ.

Answer to No. 575

Many an author who has taken infinite pains is deadly dull, and irritatingly accurate.—Thomas L. Masson.

Fiction

Continued from page 15

ess and the Smugs," has a complete and satisfying entity of its own, as readers of *The New Yorker* will remember.) But, as though in a kaleidoscope, the scattered parts fall into unexpected designs. Some of these are particularly effective. Perhaps because in this country we so constantly overemphasize youth and undervalue maturity, her recurrent theme of the moments at which youth, confronted by sophistication, learns or rejects its tentatively proffered wisdom is particularly touching.

Crusoe Raines, the brilliant, whimsical cripple; Livesey, his brother; the addled old Duchess; the Countess de Bretteville, worldly and blurred; Penelope's father, Francis Wells, poet and hero of the Resistance, and his understanding French wife—they are a colorful cast of eccentric, highly individual adults. Against them Miss Frankau sets, with tenderness and sympathy, her young Penelope (she may well be "The Little French Girl" of this generation) and Don Bradley, so completely in revolt against smug parents who were embarrassed if your religion or, indeed, any "clever" idea showed, that we leave him in complete and unexpectedly final revolt.

Notes

YOUNG MAN IN TROUBLE: The jacket of Leonard Bishop's latest novel is decorated with much blackness, a scrap of cheap hotel wallpaper, and a naked, high-wattage light bulb. In the blackness appears the title, **"Creep Into Thy Narrow Bed"** (Dial, $3.95), and before you have got very far into these fat pages that is exactly what you want to do. For Mr. Bishop, who writes powerfully and relentlessly, is not content to deal with the main burden of his story, the horrors of an abortion racket, alone; he also delves into a sympathetic subplot about lesbians. To accomplish all this, he has produced two main characters: a tortured young actor named Adam Michaels, who struggles to get out of the abortion ring, and his social worker sister, Petey, who struggles to get out of even more complicated things. All this is managed with great power and much sympathy; but if you have any hesitancy about this sort of subject matter, let it be said that Mr. Bishop has none—and sometimes even less art. He gets straight to the matter at hand. "Troubles, Adam?" one girl friend asks our hero. Yes, Adam says, with his school-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

teacher girl friend. "Pregnant?" our first girl asks him, just like that, and you're off. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

ELIZABETHAN MARRIAGE: "There never was a man born spared his womenfolk knowledge of his desires. And their desires all are simple." So speaks a sharp-tongued woman in Constance Beresford-Howe's **"My Lady Greensleeves"** (Ballantine. Cloth-bound, $3. Paperbound, 35¢), an unusual study of a marriage in Elizabethan England.

It is true indeed of Piers Winter, lord of a manor in Berkshire. The simple desires of Piers are basically for a manchild, for a dutiful compliance from his wife and daughters, and for a prosperous and well-run household. He has the latter, but he has lost a number of the desired sons in infancy, and now his luck is running out on the compliance of his womenfolk, largely because he has confused this passive compliance with love.

Avys Winters is embittered by the blind insensitivity of her husband's demands upon her. It was not always so, but she has almost lost the recollection of the short time when she felt otherwise. Instead, she falls under the spell of the widower Henry Brandon, her cousin, to whom she had narrowly missed being betrothed. Thus it is that Avys, a woman by character and temperament inclined to fidelity, finds herself an adultress.

The book moves slowly toward a reconciliation of the broken marriage in its second part. The events that befall Avys in this section do not seem wholly convincing to me, at times smacking of "East Lynne" in Elizabethan dress. Yet this may be captious, for the material does have a tone of authenticity as it explores a contrasting stratum of the life of the period.

"My Lady Greensleeves" is not the kind of story we are accustomed to have told against this background. It touches neither the high politics and intrigues nor the personalities of its era, and it has none of the qualities of the standard costume romance. Its interest is centered in characterization and the portrait of an Elizabethan marriage. The heart of it is Piers's slow discovery of the answer to his question: "What is it, then, that knits a man and woman close? Some kindliness of love, compassion given and received . . .?" —EDMUND FULLER.

NEW EDITIONS

Winds of Ispahan

ALL THE WORLD loves a clever rogue, so long as he has charm as well as guile, and Hajji Baba, famous son of a famous barber of Ispahan, is one of the most charming of his breed. I first met him, unless my memory is playing me tricks, in Carl Van Vechten's library, somewhere around 1922. Now he has moved into the Modern Library—"Hajji Baba of Ispahan" ($1.45), by James Morier, with an introduction by Richard D. Altick. He wears well with age, his adventures have not gone stale; his resourcefulness is as amusing as ever, his courage in the face of disaster as admirable, his rationalization of his amoral conduct as ingenious. Morier, as he declares in an Introductory Epistle, set out with the intention of producing an Eastern counterpart of "that excellent picture of European life, 'Gil Blas' of Le Sage." He ended by writing a picaresque satire that, in my judgment, surpasses its model.

On his first page he strikes an easy narrative pace, and he maintains it until his last page almost without faltering. His powers of invention delight us from the outset, and do not fail thereafter. His satirical blade is always sharp, his comedy lively and abundant. He is for us a one-book man, because he never managed to match his great success, despite his subsequent attempts to do so; but when he published "Hajji Baba," in 1924, he published a masterpiece—and how many authors can claim as much? Now the Modern Library introduces him to a wider audience than he has known before, and invites a new generation to read of Hajji's triumphs and calamities as merchant's servant, Turcoman's prisoner, water-carrier, smoke-seller, dervish, executioner, lover of Zeenab, holy man, scribe, matrimonial agent, thief, supposed murderer, pretended descendant of the Prophet, husband of a rich widow, exposed impostor, ambassador's secretary, historian of Europe, and grand vizier's favorite. *Marshallah!*

Two other new volumes in the Modern Library are "The Selected Poetry of Lord Byron" ($1.45), edited with an introduction by Leslie Marchand; and "The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes, His Speeches, Essays, Letters, and Judicial Opinions" (Giant, $2.45), selected and edited with introduction and commentary by Max Lerner. Byron is not as great a poet as he was once supposed to be, when he spoke for his own generation, but he is a far greater poet than this generation seems to realize. Mr. Marchand's introduction, which dwells chiefly on "Childe Harold," is perceptive, and his selections are extensive; but "Don Juan," the best of the boiling, is missing because of its length. Mr. Lerner's book—first published in 1943—fulfils with remarkable amplitude, within less than 500 pages, the promise of its title and subtitle. "There are those," writes Mr. Lerner, "who compare Holmes with John Marshall. The comparison is unjust to both men. Unlike Marshall, Holmes is a great man regardless of whether he was a great justice. He will probably leave a greater effect on English style and what young men dream and want than upon American constitutional law."

"THE Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes" is dedicated to Felix Frankfurter. Justice Frankfurter's own brief but important book, "The Case of Sacco and Vanzetti, a Critical Analysis for Lawyers and Laymen," has been reissued by Academic Reprints ($3), with a new introduction by Edmund M. Morgan. The injustice accorded Sacco and Vanzetti, thanks to the conduct of their trials by Judge Thayer and the acceptance of ridiculous testimony, was incredible in 1927 when Mr. Frankfurter wrote his analysis; it is, if possible, even more incredible in retrospect. But any attempt to equate this case with that of the Rosenbergs is, of course, an act of partisan obfuscation.

When Byron wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" he was, as Mr. Marchand points out, imitating Pope's "Dunciad," by way of Gifford's "Maeviad" and "Baviad." To "The Dunciad" itself the fifth volume of the scrupulously and elaborately edited Twickenham Edition of the Poems of Alexander Pope is devoted, the poem being presented with introduction, notes, and scholarly apparatus by James Sutherland. The fourth volume of the same edition ($6, like its successor) contains "Imitations of Horace," "An Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," and "Epilogue to the Satires," edited by John Butt. In the "Twickenham," scholarship does for a great poet all that scholarship can do. This is the "Pope" for those who can afford it. The edition, of course, is still in the making. —BEN RAY REDMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

Manet and His Contemporaries

"The Railroad"—"the result was uneasiness rather than pride."

MANY critics, writing about Edouard Manet from his day to ours, have used or implied the word "aloof." The word is probably inescapable, for in personality, attainment, and historical position Manet stands a little apart from his leading colleagues in the French art of his century. His relative affluence tended to separate him from his fellow artists; his painting is an isolated phenomenon compared to that of, say, Monet; like Ingres before him, he was not an inevitable force in the evolution of post-rococo painting as David was and Delacroix, Courbet, and Cézanne, to mention only four men who directed traffic at important artistic intersections. Yet Manet's oblique influence on later painters has been immense. Without him the impressionist movement would have come more slowly into being. Without him the modern easel picture's claim to autonomous validity, free of thematic allusions, would even now be more seriously in dispute.

Manet has held his high place in the history of art primarily because of his extraordinary technical eloquence. One might assume that this eloquence, combined with the artist's frequent use of accepted compositional formulae, would have won him an easy approbation in his lifetime. He should not have been almost impossibly hard to take, as Cézanne was or Gauguin or Van Gogh. In retrospect Manet's painting does not seem to have been deeply eccentric, with some exceptions. Nor was it at first revolutionary, considering how much he owed in youth to earlier Spanish masters like Velasquez and Goya, whose qualities were conceded by most informed members of the mid-nineteenth-century art public. Yet time after time over a period of twenty years (1859-79) Manet met with harsh rebuffs from critics and the jurors of the Salon. The story of his tribulations has now been recounted in a valuable book, **"Manet and His Critics,"** by George Heard Hamilton (Yale University Press, $5).

One of Manet's main difficulties was in persuading critics and the public that everyday reality was as valid a subject for painting as more exalted themes (religious, historical, literary, allegorical, etc.). Courbet had run interference for him in this direction, and it is surprising that his progress wasn't easier. But Courbet's left-wing political position, reflected in his art in widely varying degrees, had provided him with a definable platform and impassioned adherents. Among the latter was Jules-Antoine Castagnary, who at one point disliked Manet's art because it took no social stand. In Mr. Hamilton's words, "Himself a man of profound liberal convictions, he [Castagnary] distrusted an art which seemed increasingly inclined to deal only on its own terms with matters of purely private interest."

LATER on Castagnary became an ardent defender of Manet. But his reservations regarding Manet's subject matter were shared and expressed by a great number of less sensitive critics and by the public throughout the artist's career. Perhaps a basic trouble was that the urban middle-classes in France did not yet know their own strength in the matter of pictorial appeal. They could finally accept Watteau's *fêtes galantes* as depicting a society remote from their own and more glamorous; they had once taken pleasure in being converted into Romans by Jacques Louis David; they could tolerate, if grudgingly, Courbet's tributes to workers and to the land and villages from which they all came. But here was Monsieur Manet, a Parisian to his fingertips, trying to convince them that they themselves were a proper subject for art. The result was uneasiness rather than pride, an uneasiness which persisted despite the bourgeoisie's rise to uncontested power, and it accounts in part for the dull reception accorded the greatest of all monuments to middle-class Parisian society—Seurat's "La Grande Jatte."

Manet's technique, now widely admired, to his contemporaries was as troublesome as his subject matter. By a majority of his critics his pictures were condemned as unfinished and sloppy, chiefly because he did not use conventional modeling as even Courbet had done in his own way. Instead, Manet often defined his subjects in space through broad oppositions of tone, leading the way in this respect for later artists like Gauguin and Matisse. His color was frequently arbitrary and gave offense to laymen and professionals alike. The critics were also repelled by his immediacy of expression and by his attempt to give the atmospheric essence rather than the details of scenes that interested him. But the impressionists knew what he was about. Though they never persuaded him to take part in their exhibitions, their understand-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing partially converted him to their cause. Manet's gradual acceptance of the impressionists' faith in open-air painting may be traced in two paintings of 1879 reproduced in Mr. Hamilton's book "The Conservatory," wherein the figures are shielded from full daylight by glass; and "Chez le père Lathuille," whose figures have moved out to an open terrace. A stubborn man, dedicated for years to studio art, Manet must have undergone a profound struggle with conscience in coming to admire and use the speckled, outdoor colors of his juniors in impressionism (he himself applied the word "impression" to his own paintings at a very early date).

IF MANET'S struggle against hostility and neglect was long and tiring, he undoubtedly took comfort from the support of three of the principal literary figures of his time—Baudelairé, Zola, and, later, Mallarmé. Baudelaire's remarkable perceptive gifts enabled him as usual to recognize quickly a first-rate talent in art. In 1845 he had demanded a kind of painting which could express "the heroism of modern life." He saw promptly that Manet supplied it. Zola, on the other hand, was infinitely less acute in visual taste. He rallied behind Manet in many of the latter's clashes with officialdom, inventing in the process such deft phrases as "art lives only by prejudice." But there is little evidence that he really understood Manet's contribution to advanced, anti-academic painting. As the years went by his praise of his friend was more and more often qualified by his own longing for a patent realism in art as in literature. More than once he charged Manet with lack of technical "finish." To this charge Mallarmé wrote in 1874 a memorable rebuttal: "What is an 'unfinished' work, if all its elements are in accord, and if it possesses a charm which could easily be broken by an additional touch? Besides, I could, if I wished to be explicit, point out that this criterion . . . should logically be used to judge the too-finished as well as the slovenly work of art; whereas, through a peculiar inconsistency, one never sees the judges deal severely with a canvas which is both insignificant and frighteningly detailed." Mallarmé's words prophesy Manet's eventual triumph over his more successful contemporaries, Meissonier and Bouguereau.

Today neither Manet's subject matter nor his technique is a critical issue. One nevertheless feels a certain hesitation as to some of his pictures and remembers uneasily Baudelaire's statement: "He [Manet] will never be able to fill completely the gaps in his temperament." Not only was his plastic imagination seriously limited, but he was capable of inexplicable buffoonery, as in the "Portrait of Pertuiset, the Lion Hunter," and of depressing emotional vacuity, as in the facial expression of the man in "Chez le père Lathuille." But as Baudelaire went on to say, "he has a *temperament*, that's the important thing." His best paintings are masterpieces without question. In Zola's words they "continue to look at us with solemn, proud disdain." And we look back in justifiable awe.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

"The Conservatory"—"he has a *temperament*, that's the important thing."

A New PHAIDON Book

"Mr. Wildenstein has produced what will, I suspect, be the final reference book on Ingres."
—*Time and Tide*

THE PAINTINGS OF INGRES

Text by Georges Wildenstein

FRENCH painting genius of the 19th Century is perhaps most typified in the masterful works of Ingres. Portraitist first but with a range which went from religious paintings to female nudes, Ingres was one of the rare artists whom even his opponents were forced to admire.

■ This is the first comprehensive and authoritative volume on his works in modern times. It is a truly beautiful addition to the famous Phaidon Books, with 120 plates, eight in full color.

■ Georges Wildenstein, the author of the text, is a well-known scholar and art critic and is considered one of the foremost living authorities on French art.

"This book is a model of what a monograph on an artist ought to be."—Prof. Thomas Bodkin, *Birmingham Post*. "Sets something of a new standard." —*Spectator*. $12.50

PHAIDON PUBLISHERS, INC.
Distributed by Garden City Books
Garden City, New York

TANGLEWOOD, Lenox, Mass.
Berkshire Festival
BY THE
BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
CHARLES MUNCH, *Music Director*
OPENING WEEK (July 7, 9, 10, 11)
Wed., Fri., Sat. Eves., Sun. Afts.
through AUG. 15
Address Ticket Office, Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.

YOU CAN PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
Over 1,000 authors—most of them new—have had their books published, promoted and distributed through our unique plan. No matter what type of book you've written—fiction, poetry, biography, religious—we can help you. Send for our free, illustrated brochure. *We can Publish Your Book.*
EXPOSITION PRESS
Dept. SR-48, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16
In Calif.: 9172 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

THE APES AND THE ANGELS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following was the Commencement Address delivered at Hofstra College, Hempstead, New York, June 13, 1954.*

THERE IS a season for everything—for fishing, for hunting, and for mating (at least among animals). There is, alas, even a season for commencement addresses. This season is now in full cry. It is the sirocco season for burnishing bromides, the monsoon time for the windier imitators of Polonius, that garrulous ancient who was described by Coleridge as "representing the memory of wisdom where wisdom no longer exists."

What I am doing to you here, by pelting you with what I can only describe as duck-billed platitudes, is being done to your luckless contemporaries everywhere. At college after college, during the weeks just past and those that lie ahead, the middle-aged and the elderly have been or will be subtracting from the pleasures of those about to graduate, without necessarily adding to their knowledge, by presuming to speak as the stand-ins for wisdom. Such dubious homilies with which the old take advantage of the young are, for reasons that elude me, as accepted a feature of these tribal rites of education as the black gowns worn at commencement time by you and your fellow victims up and down the country. No wonder you have gone into mourning!

Advice is the one thing that even misers give gladly. It is also the one thing that no one ever takes, especially those most prodigal in distributing it. Captive audiences (and you are one) may or may not listen to those who confront them as Nestors. But heed them they do not. That is one certainty in an uncertain world, and always has been throughout the centuries in less markedly uncertain times.

To each person the wisdom that matters is not the wisdom always available in the wisest books in a library or the wisdom that spills from the wisest teachers. It is the wisdom that is an individual's very special possession; something he can neither inherit nor bequeath. It is not Plato's wisdom or Thoreau's. It is those parts of Plato or Thoreau which a reader has made his. A student's wisdom is not what his teacher knows. It is what he learns for himself.

Even the best teacher in the final sense can only teach others to want to teach themselves. Knowledge is not something that can be poured as from a pitcher into a glass. It is a self-filling process. And knowledge, in the sense of book-learning, may be, and most often is, tragically different from wisdom.

You who are receiving your diplomas today probably know more than you ever will again. You may even think you know more than you really do just now, still overstuffed as you are with facts gobbled up (if not digested) in order to gain your release from the coercions of education. Being young, you are "quick studies," as they say in the theatre about actors who have no trouble in learning long parts in a short time.

I don't want to discourage you, but you will be amazed to find how swiftly you will become quick forgetters, and how soon you will cease to remember most of what you have labored to learn here. Your children (if I may rush the seasons) may one day be as bright as you are now. When they are that bright, they may be as impatient with you for what you have forgotten as you at this moment probably are with your parents.

I am a parent, too. That is one reason you intimidate me. I am fifty-three, and you enviably young. You, believe it or not, are we as we once were. We—I hate to tell you—are you as you will become. We are the products of one period, you of another. We grew up with certainties of which you have been robbed. George Bernard Shaw once described the English and the Americans as being "two people separated by the same language." Even if you and I had not been born into different worlds and therefore faced very different futures when young, the fact that we belong to different generations would inevitably separate us, though to my way of thinking only by a low hurdle, not a high wall.

Stevenson (not Robert Louis, but Adlai) faced this barrier when last March he spoke to some Princeton undergraduates. He observed that what a man knows at fifty which he did not know at twenty is largely incommunicable. To illustrate his point, Stevenson cited the aphorisms, the old saws, and universal truths upon which both the young and their elders have been brought up. He recognized that you, the young, have heard them all, and no doubt repeated them all, but have not as yet lived them all.

According to Stevenson, what a man knows at fifty that he did not know at twenty boils down to a knowledge born "of people, places, actions—a knowledge not gained by words, but by touch, sight, sound, victories, failures, sleeplessness, devotion, love—the human experience and emotions of this earth and of one's self and other men. Perhaps, too, a little faith, a little reverence for things you cannot see."

Such knowledge as each man in his fifties has gained is inevitably based on the work he has done, and what he has brought to life no less than what life has brought to him. It is as much a matter of what has been asked of him as what he has demanded of himself. I happen to have lived by words, words written and sometimes spoken (because silence comes hard to those born in the South). I have spent the major part of my life trying to learn how to write, and I continue to spend most of my days still trying. Though I have attempted many forms of writing, for years I have been a dramatic critic, a profession not loved by all, indeed not even loved by dramatic critics all the time.

I HAVE long been stage-struck; book-struck, too. Words, as I wish I could use them, have been for me the delight and release which music is for others. The language is an instrument far older and mightier than any Stradivarius. It is forever at the disposal of those who can handle it, and in each age and in the hands of every writer who has mastered it, it has produced a very special and individual melody.

Only those who write realize how hard it is to write anything that reads easily. And only those who have some conscience about using the language realize how wearying, heartbreaking, yet delectable is the endless challenge of trying to bend words to your will and make them say what you want them to say as you would like to have them say it.

Forgive me for speaking personally, but in the last analysis no one can speak for any person except himself. Even that is hard enough. I talk about myself merely to give you fair warning of what my interests are, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hence to prepare you for a subject much on my mind, which I trust you will not find irrelevant this afternoon—of all afternoons. The humanities and the arts have been the absorption of my life. They still are, and have become even more important to me at the present time when they, their values, the disciplines (please note that word) they represent, and the delights they yield (note that one too) are most imperiled.

There are people—some of you may be among them—who would have us think, and may even think themselves, that the humanities are as out of fashion as phrenology. And that those who champion them are, if not dodoes, birds about to become extinct. Extinction is one of the appalling possibilities faced by the human race in our time. Death, which used to be a solitary experience, has now become a community affair. This may well be the final triumph of mass production. Though it does not console me, I still can't help squeezing a slight smile when I realize that the scientists, whose genius has made this mass extinction possible, will be included in it.

PLEASE do not believe, because I defend the humanities, that I attack the sciences. Without the scientists we would be lost, indeed. Their positive contributions are indispensable and beyond counting. It is not their fault if the world has become a security risk.

In the age of the H-bomb, let us not forget that books can be bombs too. Charles Darwin dropped such an intellectual bomb in 1859 when his "Origin of Species" was published. It provoked a violent and long-lasting division between science and religion. Disraeli described this cleavage as a conflict between the apes and the angels, announcing that he was on the side of the angels. Employing the phrase in its usual sense as a symbol of good, I wish we all were.

Although my fervent hope is that the angels right now are holding their own, my honest fear is that the apes are on the increase. Certainly in your lifetime and mine they have been plentiful, not as steps in evolution but as symptoms of dissolution. Fortunately, though at appalling cost, we have disposed of those who under the banners of Nazism and Fascism came so close to eradicating freedom. Now we face in ever-enlarging areas of the globe the dreadful threat of those political anthropoids, the Communists, whose religion, at once godless and merciless, has made a hideous reality of what we wish were only a fantasy by George Orwell.

Something tells me—perhaps it is what we have all been following on our television sets and reading in our newspapers—that politically we are not without our specimens in this country that might have interested Darwin. Certainly they seem to live by the laws of their own jungle. While pretending to safeguard democracy, they have rejoiced in using means that would destroy it.

Their strongest weapon is fear. They have capitalized on the fears of these alarming times, and in the process created new fears. They have done this by their bullying tactics, by their having turned needed investigations into regrettable inquisitions, and by their seeming to feel that a disregard for truth is included among their immunities. They would have us believe that they are the only Americans who abhor Communism, that an insult is an answer, and that a charge is a fact—except, of course, when it is made against them, when it becomes a smear. Count among the fears they have created fear of the free mind, fear of the right to dissent, fear of the word "liberal," and fear of the lights of knowledge.

You graduate into a world rocked by these fears. You graduate as a generation that was born during a depression, that was raised during one war and matured during another, and that today lives under the threat of still another and far more terrible war. Many of you will not have to worry about choosing your careers or even your clothes for the next two or three years because the Government will plan them for you.

Facing such a world, you may wonder why you have struggled to get an education. Does the education in the liberal arts—forgive me for using the word "liberal"—which you and thousands upon thousands of your contemporaries have received, seem to you a luxury if not an irrelevance? With all my heart I hope not. To my way of thinking such an education has never had more relevance or been more needed than at present. The very nature of the present gives added importance to the insights you have gained, the interests you have acquired, and the values which will inform your living.

The war between the apes and the angels, the enslaved and the free, the ignorant and the enlightened, is as old as history, and has never known an armistice. Civilizations can sink into barbarism with the same ease that cleared land can revert to the forest. This is why the indispensability of the supposedly impractical things you have learned cannot be overestimated. The fight for survival is one thing; the kind of living that justifies survival quite another. Having received such an education, you belong to a privileged class. Your responsibilities are as great as your

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center
"THE STUDENT PRINCE"
in CINEMASCOPE
Starring
ANN BLYTH
EDMUND PURDOM
JOHN ERICSON
LOUIS CALHERN
And the Singing Voice of
MARIO LANZA
Written for the Screen by
WILLIAM LUDWIG and SONYA LEVIEN
Music from "THE STUDENT PRINCE" by
SIGMUND ROMBERG
Color by ANSCO
Directed by RICHARD THORPE
Produced by JOE PASTERNAK
An M-G-M Picture
ON THE GREAT STAGE
"COMPASS POINTS"
Gala new revue produced by Russell Markert . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . Symphony Orchestra directed by Raymond Paige

PULITZER PRIZE PLAY • CRITICS' CIRCLE AWARD
MAURICE EVANS
in association with GEORGE SCHAEFER presents
DAVID WAYNE JOHN FORSYTHE
in
the Teahouse of the August Moon
A New Comedy by
JOHN PATRICK
(Adapted from the Novel by Vern Sneider)
with
PAUL FORD • LARRY GATES • WILLIAM HANSEN
and
MARIKO NIKI
Production Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
Evgs. 8:40—Mon. thru Thurs.: $4.40-1.65. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.95-1.65. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2:40—$3.85-1.65. (Tax. Incl.).
Air-Cond. MARTIN BECK THEA., 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM." —Walter Winchell
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY." —Atkinson, N. Y. Times
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT present
TOM EWELL in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • Neva Patterson • George Keane
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.40 to 1.65, Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.50 to 1.65. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $3.30 to 1.65. (Tax Incl.).
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope
Air-Cond. FULTON THEATRE, 210 W. 46th St.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fulton J. Sheen's

WAY TO HAPPINESS

An inspiring guide to peace, hope, and contentment

Read it—Give it

$2 wherever books are sold

GARDEN CITY BOOKS, Garden City, N. Y.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS INVITED

Do you have a book-length manuscript you'd like published? Learn about our unusual plan whereby your book can be published, promoted and distributed on a professional basis. We consider all types of work—fiction, non-fiction, poetry, religious and scholarly books, etc. For more information, write for booklet FF. It's free.
VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

The Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription for the term indicated below:

☐ One year . . . . . $ 7.00
☐ Two years 12.00
☐ Three years 16.00

Please note: The above rates apply to the United States and its possessions.

Canada: One year $8, Two years $14, Three years $19.

Other Foreign: One year $9, Two years $16, Three years $22.

Payment is enclosed ☐.

Please send me a bill* ☐

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Zone_____ State_____

** Payment is required with the order on subscriptions outside the continental limits of the United States.*

privileges and are the product of them.

I beg you never to turn your backs —or your minds—on the education which is yours. You must be as aware as I am that, though in this country we spend more millions than any country ever has on education, no persons are more subject to ridicule or suspicion here than educated men and women. This attitude, by means of which the untutored express their contempt for the tutored, is not new.

As long ago as 1671 some forgotten Governor of Virginia became a devil's advocate of ignorance. "I thank God," said he, "we have no free schools nor printing; and I hope we shall not have, these hundred years. For learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world; and printing divulged them and libels against the government. God keep us from both."

Blessedly, we have progressed since then. The horrors are so real that we tend to stress them and lose sight of the gains, though they are no less real. The Washington hearings, for example, may have shamed us. But don't forget from the same Washington where they have been held has come a proud proof to the world that we have not abandoned our promises as a free nation. I mean, of course, the Supreme Court's unanimous decision against segregation in the public schools. This decision was a magnificent triumph for justice. It would be heartening if, as a people, we were equally just to education and the educated. But we are not.

"The mucker pose," as it used to be called, has not lost its popularity among those who know better. The knowledgeable, in order to be accepted as "regular fellows," are apt to prune their vocabularies and mask their knowledge. Literacy with us is all too often an underground movement. We have an odd distrust of intellectuals. In politics we dismiss them as high-brows, egg-heads, or double-domes. Mention "brains," as in "the brains trust," and the word becomes a term of abuse. According to this logic, a "morons trust" would be desirable.

As Robert Emmet Sherwood has pointed out, "we seem to be living in an age in which it is chic to be illiterate." Or, in Senator Fulbright's phrase, "the swinish blight of anti-intellectualism" is a curse to the country. Don't, I implore you, be traitors to the opportunities you have enjoyed or the pleasures your minds can give you. You are not finishing your education today. You are just beginning it, and if you are really educated you will never complete it.

Gladstone once said of King Edward VII, when he was Prince of Wales, that "he knew everything except what was in books." From now on you will add to your knowledge of books a knowledge of life, that very knowledge which Governor Stevenson had in mind when he explained how the meanings of aphorisms change as you grow older. The great books will become greater to you when you return to them, as I trust you will in the years ahead, able to annotate them from your own experience.

IF the education you have received here has become a part of you; if, in other words, it has created within you a hunger for excellence, it will have made you dissatisfied with the mediocre. The classics will not scare you; beauty will be a word you will use without blushing; and you will diet on the best, not to be pretentious, but by preference.

I know, as you do, that the best book is a poor substitute for life. But even life at its best can be enriched by what we bring to it from the best books. I trust that "you who are about to live"—in the lovely phrase of Phillips Brooks—will not be tempted, as so many are, to diminish your lives by ceasing to be on friendly terms with the best in both your reading and your living.

We have all been told again and again that this is the century of the common man. I happen to be passionately for the common man. Yet with equal vehemence I am all for the uncommon man. I am tired of having the level of the national ideal held down to the average or the sub-average. The obligation of a democracy is to provide an education for all of its citizens. But the hope and need of a democracy must be to uncover, encourage, and cultivate the exceptional no less than the average—that is, if we are to have true leaders; leaders who are wise and good.

No doubt, among you are many who are exceptional and will become leaders. I notice that, as a class, you are to receive degrees of several kinds. May I congratulate you upon having earned them. I am sorry, however, that none of you is going to receive the academic honor which a proud, though somewhat addled, mother was overheard boasting about. "Guess what!" she said to some friends. "Last spring my daughter graduated from Vassar *quo vadis*."

That is my favorite scholarly citation. Considering that *whither we are going* is the major and most terrible problem of our time, I think this citation should be mandatory.

It is reassuring to know that you, who have been educated at a liberal arts college, will in time help to guide us on our way.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

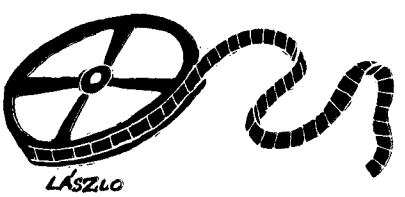
Shirley Booth Drowned in Suds

WHAT makes a soap opera? There must be something instantly recognizable about the form, for at the showing of **"About Mrs. Leslie"** everybody but the people from Paramount mumbled "soap opera." The people from Paramount said: "Woman's picture." Now soap operas obviously concern themselves with many different dramatic conflicts; some of them, indeed, are based on the same themes we have seen in the great plays. Yet there must be some transition place at which the form turns from drama to detergent. Let us see if we can discover the emulsifying point.

Is it that soap operas have women for their central characters? They do, but "Medea," "Born Yesterday," and "Little Women" all have ladies at the center of the stage, and none of these is a soap opera. Are they concerned with star-crossed lovers? They are, but so are "Romeo" and "The American Tragedy." Do they exhibit a high percentage of infirmities which are disabling but not disfiguring, such as blindness and paralysis from the waist down? Indeed, yet the characters in "About Mrs. Leslie" walk clear-eyed and upright from main title to the end, and one reel of "About Mrs. Leslie" gets dishes miracle clean in seconds.

All right, then, what makes a soap opera? It is, I believe, its special attention to gallant female suffering. The word "gallant" is controlling here. I don't believe there can be a soap opera without some woman-past-the-petal-bloom-of-youth-but-still-attractive who gallantly endures some form of living hell.

In "Magnificent Obsession," recently remade, Jane Wyman loses her doctor husband because his resuscitator is being used on a rich wastrel who got himself in a motorboat accident. Later the rich wastrel chases Jane Wyman out of a car; she is run over and blinded. Three Swiss doctors tell her she will never see again. What does Jane Wyman do? She lifts her chin and smiles gallantly.



In "About Mrs. Leslie" Shirley Booth, a nightclub singer, falls in love with an aircraft manufacturer. Robert Ryan. He is married, has two sons, and is working in a key post in government. The best he can offer Shirley Booth is an annual six weeks' holiday in a house on the California coast. Each year when the holiday is ended he drives away back into his own world, and this is very hard for Shirley Booth. What does she do? She lifts her chin and smiles gallantly.

Now at the business of lifting her chin and smiling gallantly Shirley Booth is away off by herself, and I venture to say that at this moment she will surely break your heart. But the loyal defenders of Shirley Booth, who make a mighty army when assembled, will rise up and smite Paramount for causing the lady so much suffering for so small a reason as "About Mrs. Leslie."

The director, Daniel Mann, has begun the film with a bite of realism. Miss Booth is discovered operating a rooming-house near Hollywood. Tides of life flow around her, and at the beginning it looks amazingly like life. There is a young man, Alex Nicol, who drinks too much because his sister married a rich old man, and when he has a hangover it is a sick hangover, not a joke about slamming doors. There is a young girl, Marjie Millar, who was once a bit of a butterfly around the movie colony but is now trying to break into television. Daniel Mann gives her an audition in which she is mediocre—not hopelessly bad, not good-but-misunderstood, just mediocre. In the midst of this is Shirley Booth, practical, independent, slightly acid, quietly doing what must be done to get through her busy but empty days. In a series of flashbacks the film explains how she came to this butt-end of her days and ways. She was singing in a night club, met the aircraft manufacturer, went to California with him for this unblessed holiday, kept doing it until he died, and then was left with nothing. Nothing, that is, but a bitter lesson which enables her to say to the young people when they discover their love for each other: "Get it all. Don't settle for half."

The company is superbly chosen. Shirley Booth is moving when allowed to be, and Robert Ryan is rock-ribbed and stalwart as the unhappy airman troubled by the things of this earth. But as the picture plunges into the murky emotions of the Vina Delmar novel it is all drowned in suds.

* * *

"The High and the Mighty" (Warner Brothers) is one of those films that begin with a lot of passengers reporting aboard an airliner, in this case for a trip from Hawaii to San Francisco. We soon discover that each of them carries the excess baggage of personal drama, and when the plane gets in trouble over the Pacific the dramas are all resolved. The pilot learns to conquer secret fear, the honeymooners develop confidence in their ability to face life, the rich wife goes to the mining country with her kept husband, and there are other suitable denouements for the prostitute, the atomic scientist, the jealous husband with the pistol in his pocket, and what seemed to be an astonishing number of others. It is an unbelievably long trip. The one I liked was John Qualen, who played a fisherman. I suppose I was prejudiced in his favor because he seemed to be the only person on the plane who just wanted to get to San Francisco.

—LEE ROGOW.

SR Recommends

The Caine Mutiny: Herman Wouk's engrossing story is superbly acted by Humphrey Bogart, Jose Ferrer, Van Johnson, and Fred MacMurray—with an able assist from the U.S. Navy. (*SR* June 26.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday: The sights, sounds, and inanities of a French seaside resort are caught to perfection in this satire written, directed, and starring Jacques Tati, who shows that the Chaplin-Keaton-Lloyd tradition is still gloriously alive. (*SR* June 19.)

The Unconquered: This full-length documentary biography of Helen Keller is a remarkable portrait of a remarkable woman—and it's a far cry from the fictionalized biographical extravaganzas that have been issuing from Hollywood lately. (*SR* June 12.)

Them!: Ten-foot-high ants are the villains of this science-fiction thriller which stars Edmund Gwenn, an actor who has traveled a long way since he played in the first production of "Man and Superman" fifty years ago. (*SR* June 5.)

Dirty Hands: Jean-Paul Sartre's acid-etched portrayal of Communist Party machinations during and after World War II, with Daniel Gelin as the idealistic scion who joins The Cause to fight Nazism and Pierre Brasseur as the shrewd Party chief. (*SR* May 22.)

Executive Suite: In its film version this story about a struggle for power in a big American corporation is just as slick as it was in the novel, but there are compensating factors in the assembled excellences of its script, direction, and acting. (*SR* May 1.)

Knock on Wood: One of Danny Kaye's best. No more need be said. (*SR* April 10.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

Color on the TV Waves

MONDAYS through Fridays these weeks, between lunch and dinner, I find myself with some regularity before a television set in my living room. I am there by choice and not without a feeling of pleasant anticipation. Nor is there an egghead blush in my admission. The programs I view are "Bride and Groom" (young couples being wed before NBC cameras), "Here's Looking at You" (NBC advice on makeup, fashions, and home decoration), and "The New Revue" (CBS intimate, low-budget variety). Not what you would call heavyweight stuff these three. But it is not the show in each case that lures me; it is the color. For these are the only regularly scheduled color TV programs on the air at present. The two NBC shows are everyday affairs, more or less; the CBS revue is a permanent, once-a-week Friday fixture.

True, "Today" and "Home," the NBC morning programs, are featuring occasional mobile unit color pick-ups in their weekday black-and-white telecasts, but neither the daily schedules nor the press releases tell you exactly when in the program the color portions will come; and it is rather too much to ask even of the most ardent color enthusiast to shoot (color) blind for three hours in a patient black-and-white vigil for an eight- to fifteen-minute color insert.

The set on which I do my viewing is a developmental prototype of the CT-100, RCA's first commercial color television receiver. It is a handsome, waist-high, mahogany console, with a viewing screen equal to a fourteen-inch black-and-white TV. The set is compatible, of course, which means that it receives black-and-white as well as color programs; and the color system used by both NBC and CBS is the standard one approved by the Federal Communications Commission. No doubt there are technical differences between the color qualities of the respective network signals, but they are not apparent to this layman's eye. Two thousand of the CT-100's are coming off the RCA assembly line each month; and according to industry estimates a total of 70,000 color receivers (from other manufacturers as well as RCA) will have been sold (at roughly $1,000 per set) before the end of 1954.

Five years from now, the sales people are predicting, ten million color sets will be in use (presumably sold at lower list prices). We stand, as they say at industry conventions, "at the threshold of a great new era." What will it be like? I did not have a color set in my living room earlier this year to see some of the pioneer color casts: "Parade of Roses," "Cherry Blossoms in Washington," "Easter Parade," etc. And unless I have missed something in both the CBS and NBC advance color schedules, it will be fall before the big "spectaculars" promised by both networks are on view. Circus, aquacade, ice show, Mardi Gras, fashion show, rodeo, musical comedy, operetta—at the moment these are all but bright daubs in tomorrow's spectrum. In this summer of 1954, the "introductory year" of color television, I can only make an interim report on the basis of "Bride and Groom," "Here's Looking at You," and "The New Revue."

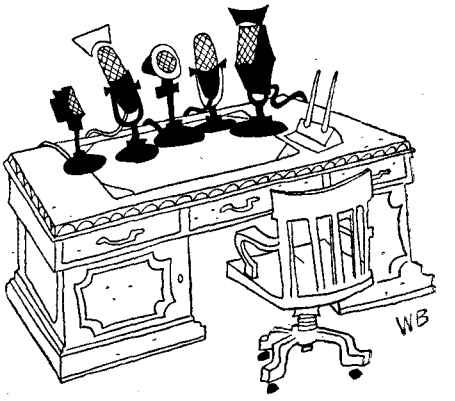
The taste of the "Bride and Groom" program (a black-and-white veteran) has been questioned often enough to need no belaboring here. Undoubtedly the experience of being married on television plus the rich loot of the sponsor's wedding gifts are attractive to the young couples. Undoubtedly the hearts in the audience that sigh over the tender sentiments and the solemnity of the nuptial vows are legion. But beyond these considerations, there is some esthetic justification for choosing this program for colorcasting. The "divine institution" at its moment of hallowing is ever an affair of springtide brightness. Its luster is dim, however, on black-and-white TV. With the addition of color (if one may but shut out all sound save that of the actual ceremony) the television proceedings leap into touches of beauty. Now the dark aisle becomes a carpet of crimson; the bride's veil is touched with blue; under it her gray face is alive with flesh-tints that respond to subtleties in her emotions. The groom's lapel suddenly sprouts a yellow boutonniere; the windows of the chapel are stained; those actually are live roses the bride carries in her bouquet. So, too, the sponsor's lotion is truly white (as are the Laundromat and gas-range gifts). Sunset at the honeymoon ranch is a fiery picture postcard.

The impact is not to be denied. Color is a transcendental value, a matter of God or of nature. Even the logical positivist is pleased to have it in his scheme of things entire. Cheers for color. Cheers for it in "Here's Looking at You," where guidance is dispensed for home decoration. There is little to be desired in the variety, gaiety, or beauty of fabrics currently being marketed. They come never or rarely to the camera for close-up on black-and-white TV, and then only with the limping apology: "We wish you could see the color." On the RCA set I can, and it is pleasant to behold. The black-and-white camera is more often a "seer" of things than an "arranger" of them. Color patterns arrange themselves. They exist independently and are their own justification.

THUS far we have noted how color can heighten and illuminate obscured values in black-and-white TV. On "The New Revue" color performs yet another desirable function. It blends with other sensory experiences and magnifies their sum. Recently this CBS program presented a quartet of Flamenco dancers. Their trousers were green, their short jackets orange. A guitarist was in the foreground, an El Greco oleo in the background. In the middle distance the dancers wove their characteristic hand-clapping and heel-tapping patterns. The colors of the costume and of the setting intensified and magnified the rhythm and the excitement of the music and the flow of the dancers' figures. It was a zestful combination. I watched the performance on a black-and-white and on a color TV set, side by side. One was a mumbling, the other was an exclamation.

Do not try to evaluate color TV by an analogy to film, color movies vs. black-and-white. Black-and-white film can stand on its own; often it is preferable for some subject matter. Film lighting is infinitely more controlled and therefore superior to TV lighting. Between black-and-white and color TV, for *all* subjects, there is no comparison. Color may not add at all to the mental tone of television (for this we must wait and see). But to the sensory enjoyment of the medium it is, verily, Homer's "rosy-fingered dawn."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bostonians

Continued from page 9

from New York State to Boston via Wesleyan College and Columbia; Henry Laughlin, head of Houghton Mifflin Company, from Pittsburgh via Princeton; David McCord, to Harvard and Boston from an Oregon boyhood; Walter Edmonds, from New York State; John Marquand, alighting as a bird of passage between Newburyport and New York, and leaving behind him the permanent figure of George Apley; Lucien Price, from Ohio, whose recognizable "Uncle Dudley" editorials in the *Globe* have more the quality of literature than any other contemporary journalism that comes to mind; and Bernard DeVoto, less a local than a national figure in letters, from Utah. Of the two Harvard professors, Howard Mumford Jones and Perry Miller, whose productive scholarship has made them more than Cambridge and Boston figures, the first is of Michigan origin, the second of Chicago. Cleveland Amory, whose surname places him among the "Proper," has written so much from outer bases that he may be called rather a Centrifugal than an Inner Bostonian.

Only one other name broadly familiar beyond the local territory must be mentioned. It is that of Samuel Eliot Morison, the sole remaining distinguished writing representative of Inner Boston.

Far be it from me to gird at any co-eval and junior Bostonians *ex partibus infidelium* in whose interests I have shared. That could hardly come from one born in Rhode Island (so much farther from Boston than it looks on the map), reared and college-bred in Pennsylvania, and coming to Harvard as a sort of finishing-school. I have simply been trying to set down a few facts relating to one of the Big Changes that have come to pass in fifty, to say nothing of a hundred, years. These facts do not affect my belief that the general climate of Boston (not always its weather) provides a satisfactory place of abode for men and women concerned, in things of the mind and spirit, with blending the present and the past to fruitful purpose. Who shall say what the future may hold? Changes may be more rapid than they have been since I first knew the place, some sixty-five years ago. It used then to be said that the true Bostonian must own a share in the Athenaeum, a pew at Trinity Church, a lot at Mt. Auburn, have a charge account at Hovey's, and know the shortest way across the Common. *Eheu fugaces, Postume!*

DATELINE:

Dien-Bien-Phu

The Republic of France regrets to inform you...

From across the world, Dien-Bien-Phu brought tragedy to the brave little Ronelle family, bringing the horror of war to a home in a quiet Orleans village. Nicole is too young to know why her father will never return to play with her, nor to take her for bicycle rides in the country.

"Nicole is tall for a 6-year-old, and not very strong. Her light brown hair, chestnut eyes, and shy manner make her charm and appeal almost irresistible. A deeply affectionate child, when she sees tears in her mother's eyes, she cannot bear it and starts crying. Now they are alone, mother and child, and an aged grandmother, with no means of support except a monthly pittance from the government for families of soldiers who gave up their lives." Reported by Mlle. de Ficquelmont, Save the Children Federation representative, Paris.

HOW YOU CAN HELP NICOLE

You can help Nicole or another needy child by a contribution in any amount, or by the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP plan. For just $10 a month, $120 a year, SCF will send "your child" warm clothing, knitting yarn, yard goods, school supplies, and other needed items—delivered in your name in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, Korea, or Yugoslavia. A gift in any amount will help at least one child.

A contribution in any amount will help

SCF NATIONAL SPONSORS (*a partial list*)

Faith Baldwin, Mrs. Mark Clark, Mrs. J. C. Penney, Mrs. Earl Warren, Norman Rockwell, Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Gladys Swarthout, Herbert Hoover, Henry R. Luce, Thomas J. Watson.

SCF

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION Established 1932

Carnegie Endowment International Center

United Nations Plaza, New York 17, N. Y.

• I would like to sponsor a child in.....(country) for one year. I will pay $120.00 for one year (or $10.00 a month). Enclosed is payment for the full year..... .....first month.....

• I cannot sponsor a child, but I want to help by giving.....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone.....State.....

Contributions to Save the Children Federation are deductible from income tax.

You may help a needy child in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy, Lebanon, Korea, or Yugoslavia. SR-9

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Hawaii and I

HONOLULU, T. H.

THE other morning, as the barest hint of sunlight was edging over the picturesque borough of Queens, the telephone rang in a room at the Waldorf where I had been temporarily bivouacked for the night and summoned me to repair immediately to the lobby. Now there are few prospects that could separate me from a pillow at 5:00 A.M., but if you are curious they might include the return of Mme. Pompadour, the unexpected appearance of Miss Jane Russell, or the arrival of the Fire Dept. I must say that the cause of this ungodly reveille was the prospect of a quick shuttle from the Hudson to Hawaii, a notion which to me is nearly as compelling as the others I have mentioned.

Rallied by an emergency transfusion of five cups of coffee, and led off by other types to whom dawn is a time to exhibit great gusts of heartiness and, ugh, cheer, I boarded a new DC-7 airplane for which United Airlines had anted up some $1,750,000 and barreled off westward at an airspeed of 342 miles an hour. It's more restful to be wakened by strumming lyres.

We were off the blocks, as they say down by the hangars, at nine minutes after seven in New York, climbed to a height of some four miles above sanity, and forthwith passed Akron, Moline, Denver, a sawtoothed, marshmallow-topped range known as the Rockies, and great brown, barren, windblown, dusty stretches known as The Desert. The clocks read 12:25 P.M. when we set the wheels down in San Francisco, a settlement separated from Gotham by the technicality of 2,587 miles.

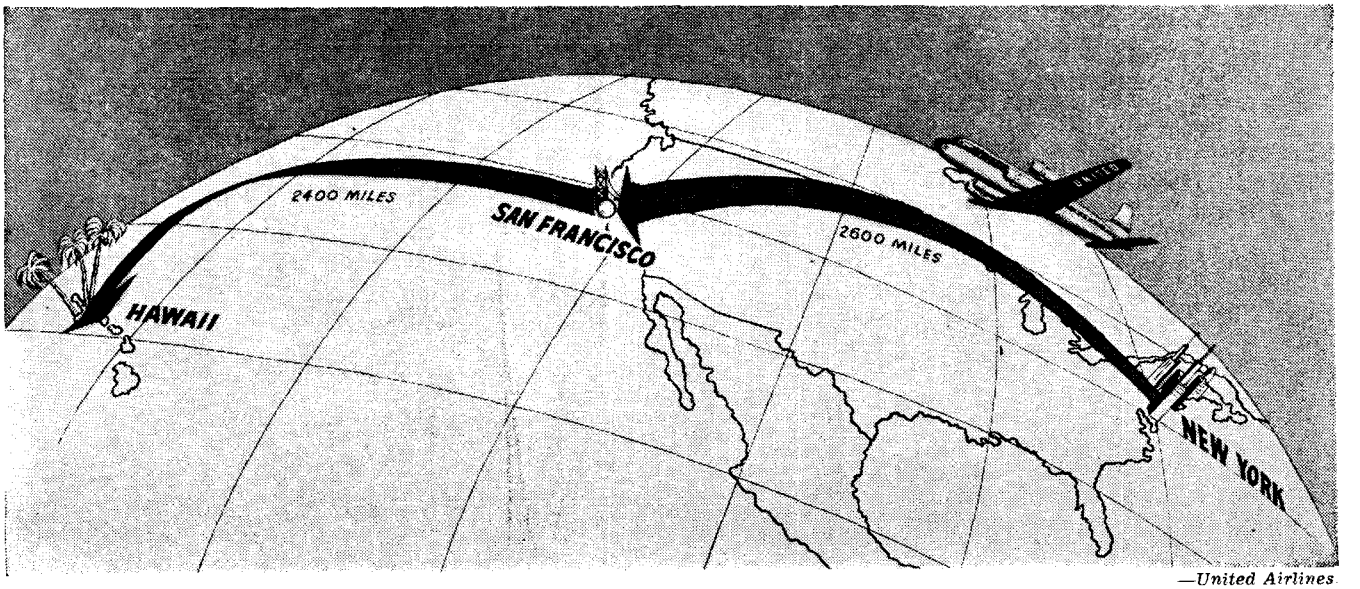
There was pause on the Barbary Coast only long enough to dabble in some snacks. In forty minutes' time we were back aboard a new DC-7, a change required by the fact that the ash trays on our original plane were full, or so recorded Mr. R. Considine. At any rate the fresh DC-7, with empty ash trays, was shortly buzzing westward across the Pacific. In seven hours and a half we picked up the island of Oahu. Makapuu Point came up under the starboard wing, then Koko Head and Diamond Head, the strand of Waikiki, and suddenly we were down.

It was a minute after midnight in New York, but just a minute after six in the evening here in Honolulu. King Kamehameha in a great gold helmet and a cape of scarlet was at the door. The ukuleles were beating and the guitars twanged. Lovely ladies in loose *muumuus* put flowers on your neck and kissed your cheek and said, "Aloha," as if they had been waiting since the arrival of Captain Cook for someone as irresistible as you.

Sweet odors of *pikake* and spiced carnation and yellow plumeria welled up from the wreaths on our shoulders and people said: 1) they hadn't smelled so good all day, 2) they felt like a disorderly grave, or 3) like the celebrated principal in a mobster's funeral. I felt like none of these. I felt good. I camouflaged my beard in a lei of four hundred vanda orchids all sewn together, for I was suffering at the moment from twelve o'clock shadow. It was a minute after midnight in New York, where I had last shaved at 5:00 A. M. We had raced the sun across a stretch of 5,000 miles, and kept up with it too. And I can't remember having seen so much continuous daylight since last summer's excursion to the Land of the Midnight Sun, where we played golf at two in the morning.

IMMEDIATELY after we had been installed in the Royal Hawaiian Hotel three gentlemen whose beat is normally Broadway, with digressions now and then to the adjacent side streets, changed their clothes, ran across Waikiki Beach, and plunged into the Pacific. The first one looked at his watch and said, "At this hour I would usually be in Toots Shor's." The second one regarded the time and said, "This is the first time I ever went swimming before breakfast." And the third one squinted at *his* watch and was heard to remark, "My gosh, we're all in swimming with our watches on."

Those of us unconditioned by the rigors of the Broadway beat repaired to a *lanai*, which is the local term for terrace, looked out at the great Pacific, and watched as one wave after another came in with a long gentle roll, unraveling itself on the sands of Waikiki. The sun was moving on, on to Pago Pago, the Fijis, to Wake and Guam. Having raced it for seventeen hours and possessed only of a mor-



—United Airlines

"... a minute after midnight in New York, just a minute after six in the evening in Honolulu."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tal's endurance, even if abetted by four Wright turbo-compound engines, we let it run ahead.

There on the *lanai* was the classic iron gray head of Duke Kahanamoku, who brought home the first Olympic laurels to Hawaii, and shaking his great brown hand was like being wrapped in a mattress and a spring. And then the ukuleles started again, led by Sterling Mossman dressed all in white, a gentleman who spends his days functioning as a lieutenant of detectives. The Pacific was blocked out by the ample person of the Hawaiian singer Rosalie Stephenson, imperially gowned in a *holoku* of scarlet and silver brocade. Her gray hair was a cushion for the red burst of a hibiscus, and when she lifted her bronze face and sang *"Ke Kali Ne Au,"* the Hawaiian wedding song, Mr. James Michener, who had flown with us to his ocean, walked over and kissed her on the cheek. And I knew what he meant, for the spiked fans of the palms stood out against the blue of the sky, in the silent interludes the Pacific washed subtly below, the mynah birds sounded like the rattle of a giant sleigh bell, the sun was at last only a scarlet chink, and we were so very far from the Waldorf in Manhattan. —HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tales

PLAYGOING POTPOURRI: Miss Claudia Cassidy, theatre and music critic of the *Chicago Tribune*, has a reputation for being the Lizzie Borden of the Midwest culture circuit. If this indeed she is—and I have no first-hand evidence to prove it—certainly she has been softened by the big show of Europe. **"Europe on the Aisle"** (Random House, $3.50) sets out to give a "colorful report on European opera, theatre, and concert personalities and performances," or so it says on the dust jacket. Actually

THE LOWDOWN ON A LUAU, OR BELLY H'AI

I WAS sitting on the beach at Waikiki as immobile as a dish of yesterday's *poi* when I was handed an urgent communique. "Come," it said, "to a *luau*," a Hawaiian feast "served in the true Polynesian manner to be held in the High Talking Chief's Long House at six o'clock." Chanting, dancing, and ceremonies of auld Hawaii were promised. Also drinks.

The appointed hour found me at the specified Long House talking to the specified High Talking Chief, who is also known as Don the Beachcomber, a hash slinger, in the Polynesian manner, of some repute. On the night we met, he was wearing an old wicker skimmer and a sheet that looked as if it had been sent through the laundry that does my shirts. *"Aloha,"* the High Talking Chief said, as he took his cigar out of his mouth, and for a minute I thought he was going to give me an *aloha* kiss, which is the custom here. He merely shook my right hand, however, and filled my left with a bamboo tube containing a pint of high explosive. *"Aloha,"* I said, being an old Polynesian, but I refrained from kissing him since he had returned the cigar to his teeth and it burned with a forbidding glow.

The Long House was a sea of *aloha* shirts, which look like ordinary shirts worn the day the tornado hit the paint factory. These are prescribed uniforms for a *luau*, and nobody better show up in no white tuxedo.

After we had been handed several of these bamboo tubes, Don was not the only High Talking Chief in the place. Ambulatory cases were led to a sort of stadium in the rear, an arena that can seat about fifty. From the grandstand we could look down at the pig in the *imu*, or underground oven. The pig was covered with a

sheet, and an aged Hawaiian priest got up and chanted some island phrases over it. Then the sheet was taken off and the hot rocks that were placed inside the porker's carcass to cook it were removed. Out here a pig has to have rocks in his head to be roasted at a *luau*.

Then the whole carcass was picked up out of the oven on a kind of stretcher arrangement. The pig looked as if he had been hit head-on by the Super Chief. We all filed back into the darkness of the High Talking Chief's Long House, and took our places at long tables which were covered with *ti* leaves and set about five inches off the floor. Up near the ceiling two big bamboo fans moved back and forth, the way they do in tropical movies starring George Raft.

Waiters came around with trays made of monkey pod wood and placed one before each person. Mr. Leonard Lyons, who normally takes his meals at an old Polynesian restaurant named Sardi's, took a look at the tray and said, "I think I will merely have a cheese sandwich." The High Talking Chief was revived with adrenalin.

To understand Mr. Lyons's position, the *luau* blue plate included some remnants of this lately deceased pig, and also a hot bag of *ti* leaves called *laulau* containing a dandy package of steaming fish. No knives or forks may be employed at these feasts, and there is nothing you can give the *luau*-lover that will prove more practical than a pocket-sized tube of Unguentine.

Also on the tray was a mound of *lomi-lomi*, which is another word for raw chopped salmon. Or maybe it is two words. There were island yams that had been baked in the *imu*, not to mention baked Samoan breadfruit and baked Kona bananas. Everything is baked at a *luau* except the customers, who are ordinarily fried. Naturally, there was a bowl of *poi*, which is a mass of bleached muck made from taro root. You are supposed to dip one or two fingers in the poi, depending upon its consistency, and then, if you are naive, put the fingers in your mouth. For dessert there was *haupia*, a square of vulcanized pudding that tastes like white sidewalls flavored with coconut.

After a hearty meal we sat back on our cushions and watched the Samoan fire dancers and the Hawaiian hula girls. The evening would be hard to duplicate, but for anyone who wants to try, the High Talking Chief puts up *luau* food in cans so you can have your own private *luau* at home. All you need besides the canned food is an *aloha* shirt, a *muumuu*, a pair of asbestos gloves, and if you are Mr. Leonard Lyons a cheese sandwich compactly tailored to be carried unnoticed on the person. City dwellers who are puzzled over what to use for an underground oven may peel back the nearest manhole cover. —H. A. S.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our perfected 18-HOLE Golf Course
. . . thru pine-carpeted Forests and
over Babbling Brooks . . . awaits You!

Sky High in The White Mountains

5500 ACRES
5 BREEZE-SWEPT LAKES
ALL SPORTS

LAKE TARLETON Club

PIKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE
Reservations Invited
WALTER JACOBS
N. Y. OFFICE: FL 7-7632

Presenting the 5th annual
WHITE MOUNTAINS'
FESTIVAL *of the* 7 ARTS
Now thru July 19th

YOUR HOSTS, THE FAMILY JACOBS

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

THE THRIFTY TRAVELER Just Published

In the U.S. & Europe by Robert Christopher
(Author and Travel Lecturer of
"AROUND THE WORLD ON $80.")

The facts of travel life. 160 page pocket book not about Penny Pinching, but how to keep from being "Taken," if you travel 1st or Tourist Class, plus tips, hints and bargains in travel. Save: $$ on Cigarettes, Gas, Food and Hotel, etc. Tricks on saving over $100 Flying to Europe, also on U.S. trains, planes and buses. Section for Teachers and Young Travelers: scholarships, tramp steamers, adventuring on a shoe string. Send $1.00 to:

PEN & PENCIL PRESS, BOX 16, N.Y. 23, N.Y.

$ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $ $

GREECE $545

AUGUST
The Islands, Asia Minor & Istanbul.
A Cruise in Classical Seas.

Distinguished leadership staff. Athens, Delphi, Olympia, Troy, Didyma, Paros, Myconos, Crete, Mycenae, Pergamon and many others. Write for illustrated announcement.

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
13 Boyd St. Newton, Mass.

HAWAII

HOBOKEN

or

HAY CANYON BUTTE

For Travel It's The Saturday Review

the book is both more and less than that.

Indeed, there is a thin thread of theatre-and-music interest running all through, but it boils down to a traveler's report on Europe that is only accented along those lines. Miss Cassidy is often in such places as Capri, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Nice and talking precious little about theatre and music, principally, I would judge, because there is little of it to talk about right there. Her stays in those gentle areas are by no means lost and she does nice things with description.

She catches street venders hawking sausages in copper warming pans and finds tea tables that "are pink damask oases in the dusk." She emerges with little vignettes of places like Fontainebleau and Barbizon and throws tidbits of politics from such likely stewpots as Vienna. It is all of interest and frequently reveals something of a soul that belies the aforementioned reputation for lowering the axe on American theatrical endeavor particularly if born in New York. When she comes to such fountains of serious endeavor as Prades and Salzburg there is serious musical talk. And while she examines the Comédie Française she tells you in the same breath where you can have supper "in the shelter of a rhododendron hedge and watch a summer show . . ."

—H. A. S.

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL IN BOARDS: Some years back *The Saturday Review* began to pay a young man named Horace Sutton to write travel pieces. "Before either of us knew it," Mr. Sutton now recalls, "the whole thing had gotten out of hand." Last year Mr. Sutton spent twenty-three weeks out of the U.S. and a good many of the other twenty-nine in exotic local spots like Martha's Vineyard, Williamsburg, and Chicago. In **"Sutton's Places"** (Henry Holt, $3.50) Mr. Sutton reports his observations, first published in this magazine, on life among the natives in such faraway places as Paris, Amsterdam, Bergen, Copenhagen, Rome, Madrid, Majorca, Tunis, Lisbon, Cuernavaca, Toyko, and Oxford, Maine.

His sophisticated impressions and witticisms may conceal the fact that you are also being provided with a good deal of handy information such as the price of a hotel room or the best place to buy handmade pottery. And if you don't know how to get out of town and leave your relatives behind, Mr. Sutton will tell you. From my own point of view, though, I can't see why Mr. Sutton should be paid to enjoy himself.

—WILLIAM MURRAY.

Cadillac Country

Continued from page 8

about our Embassy on the hunt for an economic handout.

The difference was that the Austrians seemed happy when they got a handout (often coupled with a ride in the official Cadillac) yet not unduly depressed when they didn't since life, of one sort or another, would probably go on. We, however, looked fussed amid the very wealth we had bestowed upon ourselves. We were far more preoccupied with what the foreign idle poor might do to us than they were with the supposed American idle rich. The Europeans accepted us simply as being almighty, the biggest thing in the universe, with President Eisenhower brandishing his trumpet like a five-star Archangel Gabriel, and Secretary Dulles holding St. Peter's keys to a well-lighted diplomatic paradise; we, for our part, were worried lest the universe might fall. Europe, of course, was too old and tired to have a universe of its own; it didn't even have itself.

In Austria there were a few books about the days when Europe (and the Hapsburg monarchy in particular) did constitute a universe, but almost nobody had the money to buy them. In Spain there were practically no books at all, since Franco's government suspected and censored them. In America there was an imperial plenty of books and periodicals about everything, yet my publishing friends sometimes sounded as if they were conducting business in threadbare Austria or Spain. "You can sell anything in this country now except an idea," remarked one of them over his second martini. "I tell you," said another, a publisher known for the excellence of his list and the steadiness of his profits, "it's an uphill fight now to market a serious or unconventional book." And a magazine editor who in days past had printed articles of mine on political subjects received me by saying, "We'd like to have you back in the magazine, but we're running much lighter and shorter stuff these days. How would you like to do a portrait of a typical American Embassy girl, say—or a bullfighter?" "Is something the matter with your circulation?" I asked. "Nothing's the matter with our circulation," he answered; "I'm talking about the temper of the times."

"If you want to see what's happened," the book publisher went on, "go around to a good bookstore—Brentano's or Macy's, say." For as long as I could remember, the Macy book

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

department had been strategically placed on the ground floor between men's shirts on one side and women's notions on the other. Now it had been relegated to the fifth floor, somewhere behind radios. At Brentano's the space long held by the history and biography counter had been taken over by greeting cards and fancy leather desk-sets. But the publisher hadn't told me also to go around to a drug store. When I did so, I found books on anthropology, astronomy, history, and classical mythology on sale next to the soda counter. Here, at all events, there seemed to be some personalized ideas, and at a price lower than a banana split with butterscotch. I couldn't remember having seen comparable books of ideas available at comparable prices on the continent of Europe, at kiosks or anywhere else.

I called on the head of one of our newfangled paperback publishing houses, and found that in the department of personalized ideas he had just published Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class" in an edition of I forget how many hundred thousand. Veblen, I couldn't help recalling, had been an iconoclast; wasn't he on somebody's suspect list? At the time of Cohn and Schine's visit to Vienna, in fact, a U.S. Information Center librarian had suggested to me that we put our Veblens under the shelf. We didn't put them under the shelf, and evidently Whelan's drugstores were not putting them there either. Instead, they were being bought by a public that included Cadillac owners, who could thereupon take time out while stuck in traffic to read a page or two of the old insurgent's thoughts on what had made them buy a car that big.

AND how, I next asked myself, was Washington these days? Would I be able to recognize it? I had expected most of the old faces to be gone, but what surprised me on arriving there was the extreme youth of so many of the new ones. In every Department building one encountered numbers of eager young men who looked as if they were still college students, moving seriously about the corridors with identical little black loose-leaf books in their hand. "Quite a crop of youngsters you have here now," I remarked to a veteran. "What are they mostly?" "Investigators," he said. "Security and loyalty, you know. . . ."

So here we were. I reflected that I only had a brief case (foreign-made) with me: too small for an atomic bomb.

I let myself into the State Department and there encountered a few "Acheson holdovers" cowering in their corners. They had aged, and their voices were low. But, oddly enough, some of the new Republican appointees whom I had met seemed to have muffled voices too. There were some things they preferred not to talk about in their offices: it was like Vienna all over again, where we had learned to beware of eavesdroppers. The "New Look" seemed combined with a new hush. Even a highly placed appointee close to the White House, whom I had known for years as a buoyant, self-assured extrovert, retreated quickly into his shell when the conversation threatened for a moment to get near the subject of the junior Senator from Wisconsin; so we talked about Mallorca instead. You're not safe on Mallorca, either, I felt like telling him: only last week they steamed open two of my letters there.

I found that the hush was habit-forming, even when off the reservation. One official took me out to lunch at a sea-food place along the Potomac, saying, "Let's go where we can talk," but he had already reached the point where his voice was cast in such chronic low register that throughout the lobster course and over the clatter of dishes I could make out only every second or third sentence he uttered.

These officials had inherited the mantle of power; but perhaps they were suffering from an embarrassment of riches too. They seemed uneasy in the driver's seat. They had traded in the Truman Ford for the high-powered Eisenhower sedan, only to find that back-seat drivers, suspicious noises in the engine, the annoying persistence of human traffic all around, and signs ahead reading "Detour," "Steep Grade," and "Reverse Curves" were keeping them from enjoying a straightaway.

Maybe deep down these men were "personalized," but on the surface they still looked collectively fussed and inhibited. When I contrasted this Washington with the capital as I had first seen it in the expansive, exuberant, and disorderly days of Franklin D. Roosevelt's Year One, or even as I had last seen it in the thickly populated turbulence of mid-Truman, it seemed to have changed into a town of cautious introverts wishing they could go home.

Before taking my leave I asked a Republican office-holder of normally sound and independent mind, "Are you afraid of Joe, too?" "Who, me?" he said, flushing. He paused. "You know damned well I'm not. It's the country that is—or was."

I WENT back to New York. There it seemed that everybody, after having watched a few weeks of television, had decided that one needn't be afraid of Joe any longer. In fact, they themselves had never really been afraid of him—it was just the others who had. I talked to a radio executive. "It's the advertising agencies," he said; "you know how they are." I talked to an advertising-agency man. "Mind you," he said, "I would have liked to see something on the air against Joe long before this, but it's the sponsors—you know how they are." I had lunch with a sponsor, on the sponsor's company. "I don't have any use for the man myself," he said, "but it's the public—and you know how the public is. We're here to sell a product. Suppose our sales went down just because we seemed to be taking a controversial political stand—you see what I mean?" He pointed his oyster-fork at me. "You ought to understand. You've been a propagandist yourself, selling a product abroad. You want to go on selling that good American product to all comers, don't you, and not lose your case by getting into arguments when you don't have to."

This man knew better than that. He knew that America was something more than a product. He knew that I didn't believe a word of what he had said at the table, and he knew that I knew that he didn't believe it himself.

He was saying to me, in effect, that he couldn't do anything: in the business affairs of the world's greatest nation he might be a lion, but in its public affairs he must remain a mouse. He couldn't, apparently, even take his telephone off the hook and call his vice-president in charge of public relations, his advertising-agency account executive, his chairman of the board, his Senator, or even his President (one of whose stag dinners he had recently attended) and say, "Look here, old man, there are a couple of

—*Burck*, Chicago Sun-Times.

"Germ Warfare."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things I want to get off my chest . . ." But if he couldn't, with all his prestige and power, then who could?

My friend of the luncheon table was a civic leader. A good trait among such leaders, I recalled, was civil courage. *Zivilcourage* we had called it when dealing as propagandists with the Germans, a form of valor in which the Teutons, prone to prostrate themselves before men on horseback or before anything with a growling voice and a likely looking uniform, had evidently been deficient. We had tried to implant in them the notion of *Zivilcourage,* not going so far as to expect them to emulate a New England town meeting and take up the study of the militant Thoreau, but hoping that they would gradually learn it according to their own best lights. And the knowledge of our own kind of civil courage working year in and year out at home was present in us to give us *our* light and reassure us as we tried to get mid-Europe's problem children to stand on their own feet against both the Hitler holdover and the Communist cop.

WHAT was my business friend really afraid of? His customers, he said. Or was it his own ideas? Was it himself? Had he reached the point of saying: Better not have ideas at all? I had seen faces that said that in Central Europe. I had sat across the Allied Council table in occupied Vienna from Generals Sviridov, Kraskevich, and Tsinev—burly, sawed-off men with efficient voices and identical, shrewd little eyes—and to me they always looked as if afraid of something at their backs too. They had courage, I suppose, but not *Zivilcourage.* After the Council sessions, relaxing over the quadripartite tea table, they had a way of making identical comments about the weather, followed by identical observations on another safe subject, the Vienna Opera. It wasn't just that there were many things they mustn't talk about. There were also things which they mustn't even think.

Let us not, I reflected, become remotely like Generals Sviridov, Kraskevich, and Tsinev. Ever.

"Dizzy with success" was the phrase Stalin had once used when criticizing the operators of his second Five-Year Plan in one of his Kremlin encyclicals. We in America had far more reason than they ever had to be dizzy, and there probably lay our trouble. The Continental European fear came from having done too little, too unequally, and (in the minds of many of its people) too late to meet the challenge of a revolutionary age. The American fear, on the other hand, seemed to stem from a feeling of possibly having done too much, said too much, led too much, promised too much, and even bought and given too much—paradoxical origin of a fear, perhaps, but still, it is down even the best streets that the chill wind blows.

Yet, at all events, we were still openly talking about both our hopes and fears, and to that extent—whatever the young college men with their little black books in Washington's corridors might think about it—we were still "personalized." In France, when I saw it last, people had just about given up talking about their hopes. In the Eastern countries whose borders one could see on a clear day from the hills above Vienna people had simply given up talking. In Spain one might joke—but guardedly. I breathed a prayer that when it comes to joking let us never have to do it after the Spanish fashion, shielding our voice from the little man sitting behind a newspaper at the next table.

"Goodbye, General Kraskevich, I am going home," I had said on leaving Vienna. (In Vienna, I hasten to add for the benefit of the young men with the black notebooks, we habitually consorted with Communists: we had to, officially, in that jointly occupied town, in order to keep the peace.)

"And you are going to write?" said the beady-eyed one. "You will dare to write things critical?"

"Yes, I may even write things critical. May I send you a copy of what I write?"

"Ha!" he said, flicking an ash off his gilt-shouldered tunic. "Ha!" A Russian must be careful not only of what he says, but of what he receives. I think I shall send him a copy of this thing critical.

On the way back I traveled through Western Europe. A few months ago I made a trip from Paris to Barcelona, trying it first by air. It was midwinter, and the Paris headlines of the morning, reporting on the then deadlocked French Presidential election, ran: "*Impasse totale à Versailles.*" When I reached the airfield a "quickie" strike had been pulled there, and the

airline official shrugged. "*Comme d'habitude—une impasse totale à Orly.*" On the way back into town my taxi driver turned in his seat to remark with a gesture of resignation, "Eventually God will also announce an *impasse totale de l'univers.*"

I TRIED the night train instead. A Spaniard in the next seat glanced through the newspapers and then turned to me. "Nothing but disorder," he said. "It is deplorable, always these total impasses in the democracies."

My Spanish is poor. I tried to answer, "In the United States we do not have total impasses."

"No?" Politely he added: "You are, of course, a great nation." He offered me a cigarette. I offered him a drink of my French station-platform flask of brandy. "You can afford interruptions, perhaps," he said finally. "But then how do you guarantee order, public discipline, continuity?"

"Sometimes the interruptions help," I said.

He took another sip. "Perhaps I do not understand. You mean you experiment. But are you not afraid as to where these experiments may lead?"

"Do we look afraid?" I asked, drawing what I think must have been an involuntary deep breath.

"I do not know." He shrugged as we drained the final dram. "I only know what I read in the newspapers. The newspapers are abominable. Perhaps it is better not to read."

The compartment was darkened and conversation died. In the morning we reached the frontier at Port-Bou, where we had to leave the train and submit our baggage to both French and Spanish authorities. Then our papers had to be inspected by a line of border-control, security, financial, and even railroad officials. We had to transfer to another train of the special Spanish gauge and make—reminder of a century of border suspicion and antagonism. "An unavoidable necessity," my Spanish acquaintance explained. After an hour we could proceed. We climbed into the brilliant, changeless landscape of the Costa Brava. As he was about to leave for the first sitting at lunch he remarked, "Señor, I wish you well on your experiment."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1057)

A. M. LINDBERGH:

BACK TO THE ISLANDS

. . . But when I leave the mainland and I go
Back to the islands where the waters flow
In unpredicted paths, and landmarks shift
With rudder angle or a full sail's lift,
My firm Newtonian universe dissolves
And in my heart the compass rose revolves.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS ... wanted ... [illegible] ... or part time ... [illegible] ... miscellaneous items ... special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted ... [illegible] ... tutoring; traveling companions ... [illegible] ... opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 35¢ per word; 20-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times 27¢ a word; 26 times 29¢ a word; 13 times 31¢ a word; 6 times 33¢ a word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPTS—Edited-Revised-Analyzed-Marketed—Author's Agency, International Service. Information on request. FORD, ADAMS & Co., 710 Main Ave., Norwalk, Connecticut.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY PRESENTED. Tape recordings transcribed. Quality typing at reasonable rates. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1278 Third Ave. (at 73 St.), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS! Literary agents 34 years. Constructive criticism, editing. New writers invited. References: ANITA DIAMANT, The Writers' Workshop, Inc., 280 Madison Ave., NYC 16.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, Denver 6, Colorado.

MANUSCRIPTS typed intelligently, promptly, reasonably. MIMEOGRAPHING—yes! MIRIAM LANCASTER, Hotel Vanderbilt (NYC). MUrray Hill 3-4000, Ext. 55.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: Intelligent, inexpensive. AMBASSADOR OFFICE SERVICE, 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, 7 Park Ave. (34 St.), NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

TYPING. Manuscripts, etc. Electromatic. Fast. Accurate. Reasonable. BETSY ROSS, 57 West 45 St., NYC. JUdson 2-0840.

TYPING, Manuscripts, etc. STENCILS CUT. Fast. Accurate. PEGGY GUMM, 36 Warren Place, Montclair, N. J. MOntclair 2-3341-M.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED with intelligence and dispatch. PEGGY SWEET, 424 Madison Ave., NYC. PLaza 8-2740.

EXPERIENCED PUBLISHER'S READER and fiction analyst will appraise stories, novels, nonfiction. Write first. ALEX JACKINSON, Literary Agent, 11 West 42 St., NYC.

WE PUBLISH, print, and distribute your manuscript in pamphlet or book form. Send for free folder. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 313 West 35 St., NYC.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent; books, plays, stories, novels; all languages marketed. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales, publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 18.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of Manuscripts—Theses, Books, Plays. GHOSTWRITING theses, speeches, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 7 East 42 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5690.

MANUSCRIPT TYPIST—Skilled, intelligent. Work called for and delivered. M. DAVIS, CHelsea 3-0678, NYC.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE: Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKS LOCATED. No charge for searching. Send your wants. DELTA BOOK SERVICE, 2856D Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free Catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

COMPLETE STOCK—One of the largest Buyers, Sellers of hard-to-find books in the world. Founded 1900. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

FIND IT AT BARNES & NOBLE. Over a million books. Free search facilities. For 80 years one of the world's largest bookstores. Dept. L. BARNES & NOBLE, Inc., 105 Fifth Ave. (18 St.), NYC 3.

RARE, HARD-TO-FIND Scholarly Books, all subjects. Specializing Ancient Classics, Curiosa. SCHOLARLY BOOK SERVICE, 35 East 52 St., Brooklyn 3, N. Y.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll Get It! Chicago Bookmart, Chicago 40, Illinois.

BOOKS FOUND! Fast service—reasonable prices. Send titles wanted—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-SRL, Beverly Hills, Calif.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Over a thousand titles and a million issues. "BACK NUMBER" WILKINS, Danvers, Mass.

BOOKS

ATHEIST BOOKS, 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH-SEEKER Co., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

PAPERBOUND BOOKS. 10¢ brings complete catalogues: Penguin, Pocket, Anchor, Signet, Ballantine, etc. BOOK MAIL SERVICE Co., Box 363, Jamaica, New York.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—Literature, etc. Catalogues issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham 65, N. Y.

RARE GERMAN CLASSICS. List Now Ready. Chicago Bookmart, Chicago 40, Illinois.

FRANKFURTER'S "CASE OF SACCO AND VANZETTI" available again. $3. Ask your bookseller or ACADEMIC REPRINTS, Box 3003, Stanford, Calif. Free catalogue.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French bookshop where French books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail-order Catalogue 40¢.

RECORD MART

ALLEGRO LP's (were $5.95 each) now $2.95 each. FREE catalogue. BROADWAY RECORD MART, 255 West 34 St., NYC 1.

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) finest imported make. English, Swiss fingerings. $4, $6, $7.50 up. Recorder music, recorder records. Free catalogue R74. HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, New Jersey.

LANGUAGES

GIVE THE GIFT OF LANGUAGE. A Linguaphone Language Set makes language learning easy. At home you, your family and friends can quickly master French, Spanish, German—29 languages by Linguaphone Conversational Method. Save time, work, money. Send for FREE Book. Call for FREE Demonstration. CIrcle 7-0829. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 2607 RCA Building, NYC 20.

PERSONALS

THERE'S A SURPRISE in store for Review Readers visiting Washington, D.C. They enjoy special all-expense tour rates at the 3 fine, friendly Manger Hotels—the Annapolis, Hamilton, and Hay-Adams. Tours as low as $10.95 include air-conditioned room and bath, sightseeing trips, broadcasts, etc. Write Harry Weissinger, General Manager, Hotel Annapolis, Washington 5, for advance reservations. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information.)

ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2 Returnable. ZINMAN, Box 386-S, Chautauqua, New York.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc., $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

YOUNG LADY, recent Barnard graduate, versatile, desires challenging position out of New York. Experienced tutoring, typing, cataloguing recorded music, library work. Serviceable French, Italian. Delighted to travel. Box T-83.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED the day you were born? News highlights, popular songs, prices, many other fascinating facts. Treasured birthday anniversary, baby gift. Colorful 8 x 10 Scroll. Name inscribed. Any date since 1870. Amazing value for only $3. 10-day service. Sample free. BIRTHDATE RESEARCH, Box 249-F, Wall St. Station, NYC; or telephone LEvittown 3-5720.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive 1-room studio suites with full hotel service. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

"BINOCULAR FACTS"—Send stamp for helpful 6-page magazine article. Bartlett Hendricks, BINOCULAR HEADQUARTERS, Box 50-B, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

21st WRITERS' CONFERENCE. July 26-August 13. Philip Wylie, Rolfe Humphries, Phyllis Whitney, John Kouwenhoven, Donald Berwick, Fred Coe, Robert Athearn, Paul Carter, C. E. Scoggins. University of Colorado, Boulder.

WANTED—Historical material on Omaha, Nebraska, from 1854 to 1861. We want to borrow or rent photographs, documents, or other memorabilia. Especially items dealing with telegraph business and life of Edward Creighton, founder of Creighton University and builder of the telegraph lines in that area. Box T-93.

ALASKA-BOUND young woman desires companion to share driving 1953 Dodge. Leaving August-September. Box T-94.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT in Tokyo for American weekly available for additional regular assignments. Box T-95.

MERCHANDISING CONNECTIONS sought by discerning, experienced buyer of Japanese art goods (ceramics, ukiyoye, netsuke, etc.). Commissions and inquiries from private collectors also invited. References exchanged. Box T-96.

AUDUBON BIRDS OF AMERICA. For the first time in years we can offer these beautiful 10½" x 6½" prints hand-colored in 1840. In portfolio with original letterpress description. While they last, $3.50. CREATIVE ARTS & INDUSTRIES BUREAU, Dept 5, 114 East 32 St., NYC 16.

RETIRED NURSE, northern Westchester, New York, offers summer accommodation for couple or single woman. Box T-97.

GENEALOGY traced by history student. David Koss, Barrington, Illinois.

WANTED: Cat lover, stay with pet during owners' brief absence. Pleasant, northern New Jersey. Box T-98.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a Toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

FOR SALE: Book and gift shop in New England college town. Select clientele. Box S-839.

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 41)

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16, MUrray Hill 5-4280.

EXCEPTIONALLY good male secretary desires position connected with one of the arts—preferably the theater. SChuyler 4-3359 (NYC). Box T-125.

EXPERIENCED resort or club manager available September. Box T-113.

PHOTOSTAMPS PERSONALIZE ANYTHING. 50 large or 100 small size stamps, $2. Fast, guaranteed, airmail service anywhere. Send your photo, any size, returned unharmed, and remittance to Len Rathe, Box 26244, Los Angeles 26, California.

PROJECT? *Can you use a mature woman, cultural taste, artistic imagination, culinary ability, years of business experience college community? Available September 1. Living vicinity Northampton, Massachusetts. Will commute for trial period.* Box T-121.

HICKORY FLAVOR your outdoor cooking. 60 hickory "smoke rings," $2.95 postpaid. Ideal summer gift. Trading Post, Seven Mile Ford, Virginia.

YOUNG NOVELIST, *erudite, tutor, ghost, take anything.* Wall, 21 Stuyvesant, NYC.

REGISTERED NURSE will accompany patient under physician's direction for passage to Morocco. Box T-116.

HEADMASTER, 25 years' experience, available old or new school. Box T-112.

RESPONSIBLE, healthy couple to share our Vermont farm home, exchange light chores and housework. Box T-111.

HINDUSTANI Linguaphone Records. Full set with text. Excellent condition. Telephone ALgonquin 5-9472 (NYC).

COMPANION, chauffeur, managing hostess, or chaperon. Free to travel. Exceptional references. Box T-107.

LIBRARIAN and researcher available Fall 1954, full or part time. Box T-106.

HEALTHY not wealthy but wise and mature driveress needs 3 female customers to go anywhere—my car or yours. Chaperoned tours. Write P.O. Box 302, New Hope, Pa. Telephone Sugan, Pa., 4831.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

CHARMINGLY furnished apartment, 2½ rooms, 15 July-15 September. Midtown (NYC). Excellent transportations (Crosstown, Columbia) shopping. Reasonable. Box T-114.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

OWNER TRANSFERRED. Must sell fine country home near Augusta, Maine, worth $14,000. 9-room house, top shape in and out, all modern conveniences, 2-car garage, breezeway. Acreage, magnificent view, *good town, very superior school situation. Any reasonable offer considered.* B. E. Thurston, Route 2, Winthrop, Maine.

FLORIDA 5-room cottage, excellently built, Winter Park area, furnished. $1,200 yearly, unfurnished $1,000. Modern equipment including furnace; quiet location, hard surface road, 2-car garage, 200-foot frontage, orange trees. Purchase price $12,000. Box T-108.

LIVE ABROAD AND MAKE IT PAY. Will exchange or sell profitable farm, modernized Georgian house, all amenities, hunting, fishing, near Dublin, Ireland, for farm or house, commuting NYC. Box T-115.

THOUSAND ISLANDS: Two Canadian isles, St. Lawrence. New Camp cabins "Startop," "Skytop"; furniture. $3,900. Box S-897.

GREAT NECK, N. Y. 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, lovely half acre parklike setting, sweeping lawns, large spreading trees, magnificent schools, all appliances, low taxes. $19,500. 21 Windsor Road.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

SHARON, CONNECTICUT. Best offer takes 7-room furnished house with barn, corncrib guesthouse, springs, brook, forest, pasture and view of Berkshires in artist community. Century-old house needs paint, remodeling; has new hot air furnace, electricity, cellar. *Must return West Indies. Narodny,* Columbia University Club, NYC.

WARWICK, N. Y. Beautifully furnished year-round cottage. 15x20 living room, fireplace, screened porch, bedroom, bath, oil heat; 5½ acres. Trout stream, brook, spring, swimming pool. $13,900. Thomas Corallo, MUrray Hill 3-9814 (NYC), 9-5:30 weekdays.

For Summer Rental

PEEKSKILL AREA. Modern log cabin, fully equipped, on private estate. Ideal 2 or 3 adults. Bathing; reasonable. *Long season if desired. Special price for* good amateur cellist. Telephone HAnover 2-1337 (NYC); evenings Lakeland 8-4326.

HOT? Secluded, furnished garage-apartment 20 feet from Long Island Sound. Grand for couple, babies, dogs. Cool, lawn and private swimming. Telephone Rye, N. Y., RYe 7-0703 before 9 A.M. or after 7 P.M.

IS YOUR FAMILY WEARY of city living? Stay the summer or year in charming pre-Revolutionary home. 12 rooms, 5 baths, oil furnace. Furnished. Exclusive village. Golf course, Art Center, excellent schools. 4-month summer, $2,000. Wells-Glenn, Brokers, Manchester, Vermont.

VACATIONS

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, for Tanglewood PLUS: free art lessons, all sports, private beach, records from Bach to Bop, new cocktail lounge, dancing. Informal, adult.

HEATHER LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Excellent meals, recreational facilities. Beautiful spot on lake. $35 weekly. Folder.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 weekly. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Brunswick, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM—luscious food; casual, intimate, midst woods with trout stream. Swimming, horses, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

THINK OF SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful countryside, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

PEACE BY LAKE CHAMPLAIN. Relaxation. Good Food. McNeill, Alburgh Center, Vermont.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Small country inn and cabins. River beach, salt water. Good food and beds. Restful. June to September.

STONEGATE LODGE—Informal Resort Estate, Adirondack splendor, 14-mile lake. Concert trio, folk dancing, crafts, motor boating, fishing. Long Lake, N. Y. Circle 6-6386.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

LOG CABINS *in the pines. Swimming, tennis,* excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

VACATIONS

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2,000 feet. Completely surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

STUDY in BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Fidel Figueroa, Director, Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N. Y. 2,100 feet elevation. 600 acres surrounded by *Adirondack Forest Preserve.* Mountain and Lake recreation. Cottages. Booklet.

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL! Just across the road from AVALOCH INN! You will enjoy full resort *facilities in a non-commercial atmosphere.* Write AVALOCH, Dept. D, Lenox, Massachusetts. Telephone: Lenox 41.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. *Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.*

DELLMARSON LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Beautiful private island. All conveniences. Relax, Fine Food, Recreation. Folder.

ADIRONDACK VACATION—Stimulating people, luscious food. Private swimming pool, lake, tennis, trout river. Golf. Brochure: AAA Austin's Cobble Mountain Lodge and cottages, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

VERMONT VACATION at country inn on Lake Hortonia. Excellent food, summer sports, golf, riding nearby. Unique bar. Weekly square dances. SUDBURY INN, Sudbury, Vermont.

SCHROON CREST on SCHROON LAKE, Adult Summer Resort. Resident Staff, Band. Home of Adirondack Folk Song and Dance Festivals. NYC telephone: MAin 4-8570, or MAin 4-1230.

A BERKSHIRE LAKE RESORT for adults. Swimming from our private beach. Excellent tennis. LP records. Golf 2 miles. Tanglewood 4 miles. Telephone 552. HOLIDAY INN on Laurel Lake, Lee, Massachusetts.

LE HAMEAU, Delaware River, Equinunk, Pa. Boating. Swimming. French cooking. $35 weekly. Booklet. Louis Rigaud.

FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox 3, Massachusetts. Quiet, restful. Recordings, folk dancing, Pete Seeger folk singer, social staff, art instruction, tennis; informal. Reserve now for Tanglewood concert season. Telephone Lenox 367W; NYC LUxemburg 2-1165.

KUTAY'S LODGE—Adults, Swimming, Boating, Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N. Y.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N. Y. Just 100 adults can enjoy its wonderful facilities.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach. Shore drives. Beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theaters. The BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Massachusetts. Booklet.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Midway Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Unique lakeside Lodge and Cabins deep in woods, altitude 1,700, off-highways. Moderate rates include meals, boats, canoes, tennis, swimming, recorded concerts, etc. Informal. Folder S.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Magnificent mountain trails. Beautiful swimming pool. Sun pavilion. Tennis and handball courts. Library. Recordings. Informal dancing. Easy transportation. 110 miles from NYC in Greene County. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Reasonable rates. Reservation or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

SUMMER AT MUSIC INN . . . Tanglewood next door and the famous Folk and Jazz Roundtable. *Swimming and tennis and almost everything.* Write for details. Music Inn, Lenox, Mass.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE GINGER PRESS, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1058

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. British for a talking-machine.	56 18 6 162 182 33 38 179 108 112
B. French king whose mauso eum was made by the sculptor Richier, 1500-67 (3 wds.).	180 128 61 134 29 4 184 100 10 74 57 95 168
C. Slide for disposal of certain waste (2 wds.).	138 167 50 186 25 120 45 75
D. German poet of Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben."	71 81 20 32 42 64 150 52
E. Glair (2 wds.).	117 84 14 118 16 104 48 23
F. Pure Food and Drugs act requires commercial names of this article to indicate the variety and place of production.	76 26 137 105 9 19
G. Having a genuine origin (as opposed to the counterfeit).	41 147 49 140 126 66 157 107 183
H. Egyptian prime minister through World War I, with title "Pasha."	142 58 7 143 11 86
I. Important breed of English sheep.	116 72 149 139 173 145 189 5 130
J. Constable; court attendant.	102 35 165 24 77 185 111 2
K. Aristophanes' rival playwright who won first prize for comedy seven times.	62 175 146 94 131 188 30
L. Great port of Brazil.	152 166 59 46 34

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One of the large silver manufacturers of U.S. (Baltimore).	40 67 82 78 109 136
N. To disconcert by impudence; bully.	127 178 119 93 181 161 153 148
O. Below standard; of doubtful propriety (comp.).	114 36 159 176 92 73 17 51
P. Berber bandit in Morocco who liked to kidnap foreigners for ransom (1875-1925).	98 163 12 85 60 28 1
Q. Brythonic god and mythical king of Britain who rebuilt the walls of London (more often known as Lludd).	83 164 79 43
R. Examined and verified.	169 21 96 68 80 129 154
S. Gambier (2 wds.).	37 97 121 103 158 53 187 88 91 156 172 123 115
T. Paying attention.	69 27 160 132 106 55 171
U. A thing of no value.	170 135 87 155 70
V. Russian danseuse who succeeded Pavlova at Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg.	133 174 47 63 124 89 31 13 101
W. The pearly everlasting (comp.).	39 125 65 8 22 3 54 15 177
X. A cosmetic (2 wds.).	141 110 90 44 113 144 122 151 99

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 P	2 J		3 W	4 B		5 I	6 A	7 H		8 W	9 F	10 B	11 H
12 P	13 V	14 E			15 W	16 E	17 O	18 A	19 F	20 D	21 R		22 W	23 E		24 J	25 C
26 F	27 T	28 P	29 B			30 K	31 V	32 D	33 A	34 L	35 J	36 O	37 S		38 A	39 W	
40 M	41 G	42 D	43 Q			44 X	45 C	46 L	47 V	48 E		49 G	50 C	51 O	52 D	53 S	54 W
55 T	56 A			57 B	58 H	59 L			60 P	61 B	62 K	63 V	64 D	65 W	66 G	67 M	68 R	69 T
70 U			71 D	72 I	73 O	74 B	75 C	76 F	77 J	78 M	79 Q			80 R	81 D	82 M	83 Q	84 E
85 P			86 H		87 U	88 S	89 V	90 X		91 S	92 O			93 N	94 K	95 B	96 R	97 S
98 P			99 X	100 B	101 V	102 J		103 S	104 E	105 F	106 T			107 G	108 A		109 M	110 X
111 J	112 A			113 X	114 O	115 S	116 I	117 E		118 E	119 N	120 C	121 S	122 X		123 S	124 V	
125 W	126 G			127 N	128 B	129 R	130 I		131 K	132 T	133 V	134 B			135 U	136 M		137 F
138 C	139 I	140 G	141 X	142 H			143 H	144 X	145 I		146 K	147 G	148 N			149 I	150 D	
151 X	152 L		153 N		154 R	155 U	156 S	157 G			158 S	159 O		160 T	161 N		162 A	
163 P	164 Q	165 J	166 L	167 C	168 B	169 R	170 U	171 T			172 S	173 I	174 V	175 K	176 O	177 W	178 N	
	179 A	180 B		181 N	182 A	183 G	184 B	185 J	186 C	187 S	188 K	189 I						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just published: the new DOUBLE-CROSTICS 32 by Doris Nash Wortman

Send today for your copy of the most fascinating paper-and-pencil game book ever invented for literate people. The new book of Kingsley DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 32, contains 50 puzzles never before published. Each looks like a crossword and combines the fun of solving a Literary Quiz, an Acrostic, and a Cryptogram. If you've never tried one, it will take you three minutes flat to learn how. Send us the coupon. Postman will deliver package containing hours of good fun. **Price $1.95**

don't miss the latest DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS Series 2

This is the second big collection of puzzles from Double-Crostics books now out of print. It contains 80 beauties from Series 14, 15, and 16. A real bargain for fans who missed the early books. Get one for yourself and send one to a good friend who isn't a D-C fan yet, but will be the minute he gets started. **Only $1**

To your bookseller, or
The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York

---

Please send me....copies of KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 32, $1.95 each.
(Add 25¢ per book for postage and handling.)

.....copies of DOUBLE-CROSTICS OMNIBUS, Series 2, $1.00 each.
(Add 25¢ per book for postage and handling.)

I am enclosing remittance for $.....NAME.....

ADDRESS.....CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

New York residents add 3% city sales tax.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED